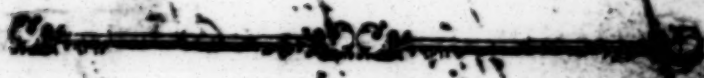


ST C E C I L I A;

OR, THE

BRITISH SONGSTER

Wm. C. Harding



of the London School

Harding C 26



S^T C E C I L I A ;
O R, T H E
BRITISH SONGSTER.
A NEW AND SELECT COLLECTION
OF THE BEST
SCOTS AND ENGLISH
S O N G S.

MANY OF WHICH NEVER BEFORE IN PRINT.

E D I N B U R G H :

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For **W. COKE, BOOKSELLER, Leith.**

M, DCC, LXXXII.



6

ST CECILIA;

O R,

The BRITISH SONGSTER.

SONG I.

+ + + I L L your glasses, banish grief,
+ F + Laugh, and worldly cares despise;
+ + + Sorrows ne'er will bring relief,
+ + + Joys, from drinking, may arise.

For, why should we for worldly care,
Spoil what nature's made so fair:

*Then drink, and set your hearts at rest;
And of a bad bargain make the best.*

Busy minds, we know, alas!
With imagination run;
Like the sand, in the hour-glass,
Runs and runs, and still runs on.
Never knowing where to stay,
But uneasy every way:

Then drink, &c.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
 Others to honour doth aspire;
 Give me freedom, give me health,
 That's the sum of my desire.
 Altho' the world doth more present,
 It addeth not to my content:

Then drink, &c.

Love, when mingled with good wine,
 Makes the heart both light and free;
 Let it rain, snow, or shine,
 Still its the same thing unto me.
 For there's no standing 'gainst our fate,
 Daily changes on us wait:

Then drink, &c.

S O N G 2.

THE SOLDIER'S MEDLEY.

THE lark was up, and the morning grey,
 The drummer beat the reveille;
 And jolly soldiers on the ground,
 In peaceful camp slept safe and sound:
 Only one poor soldier, who
 Nought but love could e'er subdue,
 Wander'd to a neighb'ring grove,
 There to vent his complaints and love.

O ! women are lovely dangerous things,
Their sweets, like the bees, are mingled with stings;
They're not to be had without care and cost ;
They're hard to be kept, and easily lost :
In seeking a fair one, I found to my smart,
I knew not the way I lost my own heart,
I knew not the way I lost my own heart.

Too fondly once I thought to win the lovely
charmer,
And ev'ry method try'd in hopes to make her
warmer :
But all my hopes are over, what scheme then can
I try ?
But, like a hapless lover, here lay me down and die.
As on the ground he lay,
Minerva came that way,
In arms bright and gay,
And thus to him did say :

Rise, soldier, rise ;—the drummer beats to arms,
Hark to the loud alarms ;
Hang her beauty, mind your duty,
Think not of her charms.
Rise, soldier, rise ;—I'll take you by the hand,
And lead you to the land,
And give you the command
Of a chosen band.

Rise, soldier, rise ;
Don't be stupid,

Drive away Cupid,
Think on Minerva's wise advice.
Soldier, go home, go home,
Ne'er mind your mistress's scorn;
Slight, slight her again,
Slight, slight her again,
For slighted love should slights return.

The soldier then rose from his am'rous sloth,
And halted away to his duty;
Swore to Minerva a terrible oath,
He'd never think more of her beauty.
Sing bachelor bluff, bachelor bluff,
Hey for a heart as stout as a buff.

Those that live single they never wear horns,
Those that live single are happy;
Those that are married do lye upon thorns,
They always go ragged and shabby.
Sing cuckolds come dig, cuckolds come dig,
Round about cuckolds come dance to my jig.

Those that live single do ne'er fear a rout,
Nothing to them can be sweeter;
They have no wife for to simper and pout,
Crying, *How can you leave me, dear Peter!*
Sing bachelor bluff, bachelor bluff,
Hey for a heart as stout as a buff.

Ye belles and flirts, that are so fair,
Say, are not soldiers form'd for love?

For sure you'll find them all sincere,
 If you'll but kind and constant prove;
 But if you slight their passion still,
 And tyrannise o'er hearts so true,
 Depend upon't they'll all rebel,
 And never care a fig for you.

O! hold your foolish tongue,
 Little smiling Cupid said;
 Have you never heard it sung,
 That constancy would win a maid?
 The greatest men alive
 Have been by Cupid's pow'r o'ercome;
 'Tis in vain with love to strive,
 Though arm'd with sword, and spear, and gun.
*Then ground your arms, Sons of War,
 There's no quarr'ling with the Fair.*

S O N G 3.

WHILE yet as a cowan I wander'd the plain,
 I thought to be a mason again and again,
 But often was told it was not for my weil,
 For at meetings of masons they raised the Deil.
raised the Deil, &c.

I thither repair'd, being resolv'd in my mind,
 When to my surprise a good friend I did find,

And bade me prepare, for so hearty I'd feel;
 What still was now strange when I thought on the
 Deil.

thought on the Deil, &c.

We knock'd, but was stopp'd; when we enter'd
 the door,
 They said, Who bring you here whom we ne'er
 saw before;
 I told them I thought to be admitted fu' weil,
 As I freely came here to shake hands wi' the Deil.
shake hands wi' the Deil, &c.

By leave from the chair then admittance we found,
 But like one that's blind I gropp'd all the way round;
 'Till something I felt made me stagger and reel,
 Which rais'd my old thought, I'd meet wi' the Deil.
meet with the Deil, &c.

At last, to my joy I found all things go right,
 And began by degrees to discover the light;
 The mauler advis'd me to swallow a pill,
 Which he said would purge me from all fears of
 the Deil.

fears of the Deil, &c.

By leave from the chair I did join the glad throng,
 And partook of their joys o'er a glass and a song,
 Ye cowans, remember the masons are leel,
 And beware of yourselves when you speak of the
 Deil.

speak of the Deil, &c.

S O N G 4.

To the tune of, *I told my nymph, I told her true.*

ADIEU! ye native fields and bow'rs!
Where sportive pleasure loves to dwell;
Where rural mirth can charm the hours:
Ye scenes! ye lovely haunts, farewell!

Ye dear companions of my youth!
Who oft partook my heedless joy,
When all was innocence and truth;
(No cares did then my bliss annoy.)

Farewell!—and, O! may happy days,
And ev'ry blessing round ye dwell!
May sweet contentment, join'd with ease,
For ever shade your native cell.

And thou, Philander! chosen friend,
Whose faithful breast oft sooth'd my care;
That Heav'n from ev'ry ill defend
My friend, shall be my latest pray'r.

Yet, yet Philander! yet a sigh;
A pensive sigh still heaves my breast;
A tear escapes my downcast eye,
And fond remembrance breaks my rest.

When I recal those happy hours
With thee, my friend, in wanton play,

Amid yon green-lin'd leafy bow'rs;
How lightly flew those hours away!

Or at the foot of yonder hill,
Where falls the rushing stream so fast;
And here, where sweetly glides the rill,
With how much joy our time we pass!

The dear delusion wou'd not last;
The airy vision now is o'er:
Cou'd I forget but time that's past,
And fond reflection were no more?

Adieu! ye seats of pure delight!
Ne'er will ye joy to me renew;
A ling'ring tear now dims my sight,
Perhaps for ever.—Ah! adieu!

S O N G 5.

A SHAPE alone let others prize
The features of the Fair;
I look for spirit in her eyes,
And meaning in her air:

A damask'd cheek, an iv'ry arm,
Could ne'er my wishes win;
Give me an animated form
That speaks a mind within.

A face where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move,
And angel-innocence refines
The tendernefs of love :

These are the force of beauty's charms,
Without whose vital aid,
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all her roses dead.

But ah ! where both these two unite
How perfect is the view,
With ev'ry image of delight,
With graces ever new :

With pow'r to sooth the greatest grief
The wildest rage controul ;
Diffusing wildness o'er the brow,
And rapture through the soul.

Their pow'r but faintly to express,
All language must despair ;
But go, behold Amasia's face,
And read it perfect there.

S O N G 6.

COULD ye guess,—for I ill can repeat,
The sensation I am destin'd to prove ;

'Tis something than friendship more sweet,
More passionate even than love.

For ever when absent from you,
Pale echo returns my fond sighs ;
But when happ'ly your beauties I view,
On my lips the faint utt'rance dies.

This the secret I had to betray,
And the fate of my passion is such ;
That in what I was prompted to say,
Methinks I have utter'd too much.

S O N G 7.

HOW imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart ;
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart :
When our bosoms all complaining
With delicious tumults swell,
Speak what trembling, fault'ring, dying ;
Language would, but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror
Quite expressive paints my cheek ;
Ask no more, behold your error,
Blushes eloquently speak :

What though silent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air;
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what your's have written there.

Ah! that you could once conceive me,
Once my soul's strong feelings view;
Love has nought more sweet, believe me;
Friendship nothing half so true;
From you I am wild, despairing;
With you, speechless as I touch;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

S O N G 8.

By Mr W. C. to a young Lady.

THE Cyprian queen when fam'd Appelles drew,
He had each beauty of his age in view;
Before him all the fair creation rose,
While from each nymph each various charm he
chose.

From this he stole the mildness of her eyes,
From that her lips in imitative dyes;
From one her bloom, another's golden hair,
'Till the whole portrait rose divinely fair.

But had he liv'd to see your angel face,
 From you he'd borrow'd ev'ry lovely grace ;
 No other fair before his eyes he'd set,
 But take each charm from much lov'd H——t.

Yet though assisted by a hand divine,
 Each colour glow'd, and ev'ry stroke was fine ;
 Yet though he summon'd all the pow'rs of paint,
 The world, alas! would own the likeness faint.

S O N G 9.

THE JUDICIOUS CHOICE.

A BEAUTIFUL face and a form without fault,
 Are not the attractions by which I am caught ;
 Good nature, good sense, and an honest free mind,
 Are perfections in woman to which I'm inclin'd.

For a time beauty charms, but so certain is age,
 That who with a beauty alone would engage ?
 Since time spreads a veil o'er the brightest of eyes,
 And a face is a flow'r that blossoms and dies.

Then, Venus, begone with your artful decoys,
 Which like syrens do tempt, and like syrens de-
 stroy ;
 'Tis friendship and virtue I seek in a wife,
 Whom I'd love and caress ev'ry day of my life.

S O N G 10.

To the Tune of, THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

AMELIA, she's so wond'rous fair,
That you'd not ken her frae a lady ;
Comely and gracefu' is her air ;
But, ah ! she can't win frae her daddie.
*O ! my lovely, charming lassie,
My dear, angelic, handsome lassie,
Tho' now confin'd frae me she's kept,
Yet still I'll love my Lowland lassie.*

Whene'er I see her smiling face,
My heart does pant with joy and pleasure ;
But, when she's absent frae the place,
O ! I am grieved out of measure.

O ! my lovely, &c.

She is possess'd of many charms,
Which quite enchant her faithfu' laddie ;
O ! if I had her in my arms
I wou'd e'en keep her frae her daddie.

O ! my lovely, &c.

To happiness I'll bid adieu,
'Till she arrives into AULD REEKY ;
For there's nae ither nymph I loo'
Like my sweet Amelia M——y.

O ! my lovely, &c.

SONG 11.

THE BRITISH FAIR.

PHOEBUS, meaner themes disdaining,
 To the lyrist's call repair;
 And the strings to rapture straining,
 Come and praise the British Fair.

Chiefs, throughout the land victorious,
 Born to conquer and to spare,
 Were not gallant, were not glorious,
 'Till commanded by the Fair.

All the works of worth and merit,
 Which the Sons of Art prepare,
 Have no pleasure, life, or spirit,
 But as borrow'd from the Fair.

Reason is as weak as passion;
 But, if you for truth declare,
 Worth and manhood are the fashion,
 Favour'd by the British Fair.

SONG 12.

JOHNNY AND MARY.

DOWN the burn and thro' the mead,
 His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow;

Johnny lilting, tun'd his reed,
 And Mary wip'd her bony mou' :
 Dear she loo'd the well-known song,
 While her Johnny
 Blithe and bonny,
 Sung her praise the whole day long.
Down the burn and thro' the mead,
His golden locks wav'd o'er his brow ;
Johnny lilting tun'd his reed,
And Mary wip'd her bonny mou'.

Costly claiths she had but few ;
 Of rings and jewels nae great store ;
 Her face was fair her love was true,
 And Johnny wisely wish'd nae more :
 Love's the pearl the shepherd's prize ;
 O'er the mountain,
 Near the fountain,
 Love delights the shepherd's eyes.
Down the burn, &c.

Gold and titles give not health,
 And Johnny cou'd nae these impart ;
 Youthfu' Mary's greatest wealth
 Was still her faithfu' Johnny's heart :
 Sweet the joy's the lovers find,
 Great the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure,
 Where the heart is always kind.
Down the burn, &c.

S O N G 13.

KATY'S COMPLAINT.

BY the side of a grove, young Delia did stray,
Her soul was all love and all sweetness her lay,
The smooth-gliding stream slid softly along,
The birds ceas'd their theme t' attend to her song:
Ah! my Strephon, she cry'd, have you left me to
mourn,
'Tis in vain I have sigh'd, and implor'd your return.

I'll tell all my woes to the birds and the skies,
Swell the stream with my tears, and the breeze with
my sighs;
Sweet Philomel hears, and answers my moan,
And the rocks too have ears, but my Strephon has
none:
The frown that alarm'd him has lost all its power,
And the voice that once charm'd him now charms
him no more.

Ye sweet breathing gales, that sport on the plain,
Ye hills, woods, and dales, that reply to my strain,
Go tell him our loves, but why should ye tell?
All ye woods, and ye groves, and ye meadows,
farewell:
To some shade I'll repair, conceal'd from the day,
Feed my soul with despair 'till I sigh it away.

S O N G 14.

CHORUS. *O! The days when I was young,
When I laugh'd at Fortune's spite,
Talk'd of love all the day long,
And with Nectar crown'd the night.*

Then it was old father, Care,
Little reck'd I of thy frown;
Half thy malice youth cou'd bear,
And the rest a bumper drown.
O! the days, &c.

Truth they say lives in a well,
Why, I vow, I ne'er cou'd see;
Let the water-drinkers tell,
There it always lay for me.
O! the days, &c.

For, when sparkling wine went round,
Never saw I falsehood's mask;
But still honest truth I found
At the bottom of each flask.
O! the days, &c.

Trife, at length my vigour's flown,
I have years to bring decay;
Few the locks that now I own,
And the few I have are grey.
O! the days, &c.

Yet old Jerome thou may'st boast,
 While thy spirits do not tire;
 Still beneath thy age's frost,
 Glows a spark of youthful fire.

O! the days, &c.

S O N G 15.

THE NORTH COUNTRY LASS.—*Tune, Langle's.*

THERE was a fair maiden, her name it was
 Gillian,
 Her manners were sage tho' her carriage was free;
 You scarcely would meet such a girl in a million,
 Her charms were the pride of the North Coun-
 try.
 All she said came so wittily,
 She danc'd with such grace, and she chanted so
 prettily;
 Nor Madames of France, nor Signoras of Italy,
 Could cope with this lass of the North Country.
 Rich lords and fine gentlemen crowded to woo her,
 Each begging her most humble servant to be;
 Some shew'd coach and horses, some proffer'd gold
 to her,
 Some, cloaths and fine jewels, most gorgeous to
 see.

But, in vain all their brav'ry,
She said; flat and plain, she saw thro' their knav'ry,
And rather would pass her whole life-time in
flav'ry,
Than bring such disgrace on the North Country.

But going one day to the wood with young Roger,
To gather sweet posies for he and for she,
Sly Cupid observ'd them, (a comical codger)
And hid himself sang in a sycamore tree :
Out he drew from his quiver
A shaft that a heart made of marble would shiver;
He shot, there was none a poor maid to deliver,
And down fell the lass of the North Country.

S O N G 16.

NOTTINGHAM ALE.

YOUNG Venus, the goddess of beauty and love,
Arose from the froth that swam on the sea;
Minerva sprung out of the cranium of Jove,
A coy sullen slut, as most authors agree;
Great Bacchus, they tell us, who's the prince of
good fellows,
Was his nat'ral son:— But attend to my tale;
For those that thus chatter
Know nought of the matter,
He sprung from a barrel of Nottingham ale.

Ye clergy so rev'rend, priests, vicars, and deacons,
Attend, and you'll certainly own it is true;
That Nottingham ale is the chief of all liquors,
And who understands the dear creature like you?
It dispels ev'ry vapour,
Saves pen, ink, and paper;
And when you're dispos'd in the pulpit to rail,
It will open your throats,
You may preach without notes,
When inspir'd with full bumpers of Nottingham
ale.

Ye doctors, who more execution have done
With bolus, with powder, with potion and pill,
Than hangman with halter, or soldier with gun,
Than miser with famine, or lawyer with quill;
To dispatch us the quicker
You forbid us malt liquor,
'Till our bodies grow thin, and our faces wax pale.
Each knows, if he pleases,
What cures all diseases,
Is hearty full bumpers of Nottingham ale.

Ye lovers, who talk of your flames, darts, and
daggers.
With Nottingham ale ply your mistress but hard;
The girl that once tastes it will drink 'till she stag-
gers,
And all your past suff'rings with kindness reward;

You may turn and twist her,
And do what you list t'her,
You have found the right way with her heart to
prevail ;
Let her take her glass often,
There's nothing can soften
The heart of a woman like Nottingham ale.

S O N G 17.

THE BANKS OF THE DEE.—*Tune, LANGOLEE ;
With Additions by Miss B—Y B—s.*

'T WAS Summer, and softly the breezes were
blowing.

And sweetly the nightingale sung from the tree,
At the foot of a rock, where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down on the banks of the Dee.
Flow on lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river ;
Thy banks purest streams shall be dear to me ever ;
For there I first gain'd the affection and favour
Of Sandy the glory and pride of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me, and left me thus
mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant is he ;
And, ah ! there's no hope of his speedy returning.
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, helpless youth! o'er the rude roaring
billows ;

The kindest and sweetest of all the gay fellows ;
And left me to stray 'mongst the once loved willows,
The lonliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my pray'rs may perhaps yet restore him ;
Best Peace may restore my dear shepherd to me :

When he returns, with such care I'll watch o'er him,

He never shall leave the sweet banks of the Dee.

The Dee then shall flow, all its beauties displaying ;

The lambs on its banks shall again be seen playing ;

While I with my Sandy am carelessly straying,

And tasting again all the sweets of the Dee.

Thus sung the fair maid on the banks of the river,

And sweetly re-echo'd each neighbouring tree ;

But, now all these hopes must vanish for ever,

Since Sandy shall ne'er see the banks of the Dee.

On a foreign shore the sweet youth lay dying,

In a foreign grave his body's now lying ;

*Whilst friends and acquaintance in Scotland are
crying*

For Sandy, the glory and pride of the Dee.

Mishap on the hand by which he was wounded ;

Mishap on the wars that call'd him away

From a circle of friends, by which he was surrounded,

Who mourn for dear Sandy the tedious day.

St 6

The BRITISH SONGSTER.

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*Oh! poor hapless maid, who mourns discontented
The loss of a lover so justly lamented;
By time, only time, can her grief be contented,
And all her dull hours become chearful and gay.*

*'Twas honour and bravery made him leave her
mourning,*

*From unjust rebellion his country to free;
He left her, in hopes of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee:*

*For this he dispis'd all dangers and perils;
'Twas thus he espous'd Britannia's quarrels,
That when he came home he might crown her with
laurels,*

The happiest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But Fate had determin'd his fall to be glorious,

*Though dreadful the thought must be unto me;
He fell, like brave WOLF, when the troops were
victorious,*

*Sure each tender heart must bewail the decree:
Yet, though he is gone, the faithful lover,
And all our fine schemes of happiness over.*

*No doubt he implored his pity and favour
For me he had left on the banks of the Dee.*



SONG 18.

By a young Gentleman.—Tune, LANGOLEE.

MISS Betty's a girl of very good nature,
Her complexion fair, most delightful to see;
Her air's not affected, she's reg'lar each feature,
Which makes me the fonder to sing her to thee.
Hold on, my sweet muse, without repining,
And sing up her praises without ever whining;
And fix on her mind to be always inclining
To look on her shepherd with mirth and with glee.

Her beauty, with all perfection in measure,
Does form a Diana most pleasing to see;
Her eyes they are bright, and in colour azure,
And she is the pride of all that her see:
Her mind it is past all human painting,
For pen or pencil they are both fainting;
So it is nonsense for you to be minting
To sing her praises, so charming is she.

Last night when I saw her she was passing from me,
But I would not let her go that way so free;
I stept up to her and asked her favour,
She granted, and made me as happy's could be:
When she spake, O! I was ravish'd,
And she told me myself not to slavish;
I said unto her, I would always lavish
Her praises in town as well as country.

S O N G 19.

Sung in the DUENNA.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can boast,
But health and good humour to make her his toast;
If streight I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six fit or four---We'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion--- I vow I don't care;
If brown---it is lasting---more pleasing if fair:
And tho' in her cheeks I no dimples should see,
Let her smile---and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes--may be e'en--any colour but green;
For in eyes, tho' so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice---only let her have two.

'Tis true, I'd dispense with a throne on her back,
And white teeth I own--are genteeler than black:
A little round chin too's a beauty I've heard,
But I only desire-- she mayn't have a beard.

S O N G 20.

By a Lady of Quality.

THE sun his gladsome beams withdrawn,
The hills all white with snow,

Leave me dejected and forlorn ;
Who can describe my woe ?
But not the sun's warm beams could chear,
Nor hills tho' e'er so green ;
Unless my Damon should appear
To beautify the scene.

The frozen brooks, and pathless vales,
Disjoin my love and me ;
The pining bird his fate bewails,
On yonder leafless tree !
But, what to me are birds, or brooks,
Or any joy that's near ?
Heavy the lute, and dull the brooks,
While Damon is not here.

The Laplander, who, half the year,
Is wrapt in shades of night,
Mourns not, like me, his winter drear,
Nor wishes more for light.
But what were light, without my love,
Or objects e'er so fine ?
The flow'ry meadow, field, or grove,
If Damon-be not mine ?

Each moment, from my dear away,
Is a long age of pain ;
Fly swift, ye hours ! be calm the day
That brings my love again !

O! haste, and bring him to my arms,
Nor let us ever part;
My breast shall beat no more alarms,
When I secure his heart.

S O N G 21.

THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

'T WAS in the bloom of May,
When odours breathe around,
When nymphs are blyth and gay,
And all with mirth abound;
That happily I stray'd
To view my fleecy care,
Where I beheld a maid,
No mortal e'er so fair;
No mortal e'er so fair.

She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of straw.
Which such a face did shade
As Phœbus never saw.
Her locks of nut-brown hue
A cap and coif conceal'd,
Which to my pleasing view,
A sporting breeze reveal'd.

Around her slender waist
A scrip embroider'd hung,

The lute her fingers grac'd,
 Accompany'd with a song,
 With such a pleasing note,
 Curroni might regale ;
 Or Philomela's throat,
 That warbles through the vale.

Not long I stood to view,
 Struck with her heav'nly air,
 I to the charmer flew,
 And caught the yielding fair.
 Hear this, ye scornful belles,
 And milder ways pursue ;
 She that in charms excells,
 Excels in kindness too.

S Q N G 22.

YOUNG Jockey, who teiz'd me a twelve-month
 or more,
 Now bolder is grown than was mortal before ;
 He whispers such things as no virgin should hear,
 And he presses my lips with a warmth I can't bear.

With stories of love he would soften my mind,
 And his eyes speak a temper to mischief inclin'd ;
 But I vow not a moment I'll trust him alone,
 And when nex the grows rude I will bid him begone.

Of honour and truth not a word has he spoke,
And his actions declare he thinks virtue a joke;
He shall find his mistake if he ventures to try :
For, than yield on such terms, oh ! I rather would
die.

With no creature beside he such freedom dare
take ;
Yet the handsome and witty he quits for my sake :
But how can I think that he loves me the best ?
Or how can I love him who'd break all my rest ?

Oh ! Jockey, reform, nor be foolish again,
Lest you lose a fond heart you shall never regain :
If you change your behaviour, and to church chuse
to go,
I'll forgive all that's past, and will never say No.

S O N G 23.

PATTY OF THE HILL.

OH ! Venus, queen of soft delights,
Accept a suppliant's pray'r,
Who wishes to attend the rights
In which thy vot'ries share :
Inspire his tongue with gentlest airs,
Yet void of art or skill,
While he his unfeign'd love declares
For Patty of the hill.

What strains, Oh! goddess, must he find,
To melt her frozen heart,
Since words can ne'er express his mind,
Nor e'er his pain impart;
Unless thy son shall aid his lays,
And love in her instil,
In vain will prove his artless praise
Of Patty of the hill.

Her cheek with rose and lilies vies,
Her breath with sweet woodbine;
Inferior far unto her eyes
The sparkling di'monds shine:
Her voice excels the linnet's notes,
Exceeds the thrush's thrill;
In vain they strive to raise their throats
Like Patty's of the hill.

How shall I paint her tender mind,
The charm I most admire;
In her is ev'ry virtue join'd,
That passion can inspire:
Her soul the graces all refine,
She stoops to reason's will;
I'd Venus, — all the world resign
For Patty of the hill.



S O N G 24.

DOWN THE BURN DAVIE, LOVE.

WHEN trees did bud, and fields were green,
 And broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was complete fifteen,
 And love laugh'd in her ee' ;
 Blyth Davy's blinks her heart did move
 To speak her mind thus free :
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
And soon I'll follow thee ;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I'll soon follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass
 That dwelt on this burn-side ;
 And Mary was the boniest lass,
 Just meet to be a bride.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy, red and white,
 Her een were bonny blue,
 Her looks were like Aurora bright,
 Her lips like dropping dew.

Blyth Davie's blinks, &c.

As Fate had dealt to him a routh,
 Straight to the kirk he led her,
 There plighted her his faith and troth,
 And a bonny bride he made her :
 No more aſham'd to own her love,
 Or ſpeak her mind thus free ;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
And I'll ſoon follow thee ;
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Down the burn Davie, love,
Gang down the burn Davie, love,
And I'll ſoon follow thee.

S O N G 25.

Sung in the DUENNA.

HAD I a heart for falſhood fram'd,
 I ne'er could injure you :
 For tho' your tongue no promiſe claim'd,
 Your charms would make me true.
 To you no ſoul ſhall bear deceit,
 No ſtranger offer wrong ;
 But friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And lovers in the young.

But when they learnt that you have blest
 Another with your heart,
 They'll bid aspiring passion rest,
 And act a brother's part.
 Then lady, dread not here deceit,
 Nor fear to suffer wrong :
 For friends in all the ag'd you'll meet,
 And brother's in the young.

S O N G 26.

GROG.—TUNE, *Why should we quarrel for Riches.*

YE jolly true blues on the main,
 Well skilled in heaving the log,
 Attend to a sailor's rough strain,
 Who sings of his favourite Grog.
*For Grog is the liquor of life,
 The delight of each bold British tar,
 It banishes sorrow and strife,
 And softens the hardships of war.*

Brave Vernon, to Britain still dear,
 O long may'st thou live, though in cog,
 Some deity whisper'd thine ear,
 And hinted the liquor call'd Grog.

For Grog, &c.

Of vineyards the Monsieura may boast,
 Or delight in the soup of a frog,
 But soon they will find to their coast,
 That claret must yield to good Grog.

For Grog, &c.

I heard an Hibernian declare
 By St Patrick, tho' born in a bog,
 That while he could see with one ear,
 No liquor he'd drink except Grog.

For Grog, &c.

No danger our hearts can dismay,
 No terror we feel from a flog,
 For what is a dozen a day,
 To a double allowance of Grog.

For Grog, &c.

Each Saturday night that revolves,
 My messmate he tips me a jog,
 To the wife or the sweetheart we love,
 We take off a cann of good Grog.

For Grog, &c.

Now war is declar'd let's advance,
 May the flincher be hang'd like a dog;
 Who cowardly yields to proud France,
 Is a stranger to freedom and Grog.

For Grog is the liquor of life,

The delight of each bold British tar,

It banishes sorrow and strife,

And softens the hardships of war.

S O N G 27.

The Happy BEGGARS.

HOW blest'd are beggar-lasses,
Who never toil for treasure !
Who know no care, but how to share
Each day successive pleasure.
*Drink away, let's be gay,
Beggars still with blest abound,
Mirth and joy ne'er can cloy,
Whilst the sparkling glass goes round.*

A fig for gaudy fashions,
No want of cloaths oppresses ;
We live at ease with rags and fleas,
We value not our dresses.

Drink away, &c.

We scorn all ladies washes,
With which they spoil each feature,
No patch or paint our beauties want,
We live in simple nature,

Drink away, &c.

No colick, spleen or vapours,
At morn, or evening tease us :
We drink no tea, or ratafia ;
When sick, a dram can ease us.

Drink away, &c.

That ladies act in private,
By nature's soft compliance;
We think no crime when in our prime,
To kiss without a licence.

Drink away, &c.

We know no shame or scandal,
The beggars law befriends us;
We all agree in liberty,
And poverty defends us.

Drink away, &c.

Like jolly beggar wenches,
Thus, thus we drown all sorrow;
We live to-day, and ne'er delay
Our pleasure till to-morrow.

Drink away, &c.

S O N G 28.

LEAVE off your foolish prating,
Talk no more of Whig and Tory,
But drink your glass,
Round let it pass,
The bottle stands before ye,
Fill it up to the top,
Let the night with mirth be crown'd,
Drink about, see it out,
Love and friendship still go round.

If claret be a blessing,
This night devote to pleasure ;
 Let worldly cares,
 And state affairs,
Be thought on at more leisure ;
 Fill it up, to the top,
Let the night with joy be crown'd,
 Drink about, see it out,
Love and friendship still go round.

If any is so zealous,
To be a party-minion,
 Let him drink like me,
 We'll soon agree,
And be of one opinion :
 Fill your glass, name your lads,
See her health go sweetly round,
 Drink about, see it out,
Let the night with joy be crown'd.

S O N G 29.

Sung by Mr BANNISTER.

GO high, go low, in ev'ry state,
The sailor's heart is true,
In adverse, or in prosp'rous fate,
He joins the crew :

Then toiling early, watching late ;
 Defends his king and country's cause,
 In hopes to be,
 When come from sea,
 Cheer'd with applause.

At home, when sports his welcome crown,
 His wife's the liveliest of the throng:
 Or when care sinks his spirits down,
 Her endearing smile,
 Rewards his toil,
 And greets his fav'rite song.

Go high, &c.

So when the nuptial knot is ty'd,
 Our friendship closer will cement ;
 Each morn' you'll hail my blooming bride,
 And gladly share my heart's content.
 I'll grasp the hand that made her mine,
 To social scenes the hours resign,
 While all the wonted strain shall join,

Go high, &c.

S O N G 30.

CHEATING DISPLAY'D.

To the Tune of, There was a jovial beggar.

BY sage philosophers of old
 We're told there was a stone,

That all things turn'd to gold;—but *gold*
To *cheats* turns every one.

So a-cheating we will go, we'll go,—we'll go;
So a-cheating we will go.

The *merchant* thinks the 'squire is trick'd,
When on his goods he lays
Too high a price,—but, ah! he's nick'd;
A 'squire but rarely pays.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *tradesman* too, by art most nice,
Your furniture restores
To taste polite, 'till in a trice
You're *tasted* out of doors.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *lawyer*, with a face demure,
Hangs him who steals your pelf;
Because the good man can endure
No *robber* but *himself*.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *quack* and *highwayman* both kill;
What diff'rence can there be?
Save *this* with pistol, *that* with pill;
Your *gold's* the common plea.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *soldier*, bold in bloody fights,
Maintains his country's cause;

But, soon as things are set to rights,
He tramples on its laws.

So a cheating, &c.

The *governor*, by liberal arts,
Rude Indians doth reduce;
But, e'er he half reforms their hearts,
He leaves them n'er a *Sous*.

So a cheating, &c.

The *courtier*, for his country dear,
His care doth ne'er relax;
But, e'er he long the helm doth steer,
He robs it by a tax.

So a cheating, &c.

The *patriot*, with a flaming zeal,
Will swear his country's lost;
But, once let Fortune turn the wheel,
He'll sell it for a post.

So a cheating, &c.

HIS MAJESTY'S fair character
To touch, I would be loth;
Nor need I,—for his *minister*,
Can cheat enough for *both*.

So a cheating, &c.

The *husband* cheats his loving wife,
And to a mistress goes;

While *she* again, to ease her life,
Carouses with the *beaux*.

So a-cheating, &c.

The *tenant* doth the steward nick,
(So low this art we find ;)
The *steward* doth his lordship trick,
And *he* tricks all mankind.

So a-cheating, &c.

One class there is, to whose fair lot,
No cheating art should fall,
They're *clergy* call'd;—but, when they do't,
They cheat us worst of all.

So a-cheating, &c.

Thus *all the world* a-cheating goes,
For pleasure or for pelf;
But, in the end, experience shews,
The *cheater* cheats *himself*.

So a-cheating we'll not go, not go,—not go;

So a-cheating we'll not go.

S O N G 31.

THE GENERAL TOAST.

HERE's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
And, Here's to the Widow of fifty;

Here's to the bold and extravagant queen,
 And, Here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass, drink to the last,
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maiden whose dimples we prize,
 And, likewise, to her that has none, Sir;
 And, Here's to the maid with a pair of black eyes,
 And, Here's to her that's but one, Sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom as snow,
 And, to her that is brown as a berry;
 And, Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
 And, Here's to the girl that's merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Let her be clumsy, or let her be neat,
 Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
 But fill the pint-bumper up to the brim,
 And let us e'en toast them together.
Let the toast pass, &c.

S O N G 32.

WHEN first, by fond Damon, Flavella was seen,
 He slightly regarded her air or her mein;
 The charms of her mind he alone did commend,
 Not warm'd as a lover, but cool as a friend:

From friendship (not passion) his raptures did move,
And the swain bragg'd his heart was a stranger to
love.

New charms he discover'd, as more she was known,
Her face grew a wonder, her taste was his own ;
Her manners were gentle, her sense was refin'd,
And oh ! what dear virtues beam'd forth in her
mind ;

Yet still for the sanction of friendship he strove,
'Till a sigh gave the omen and shew'd it was love.

Now, proud to be conquer'd, he sighs for the Fair,
Grows dull to all pleasure ; but being with her
He's mute, while his heart-strings are ready to break,
For the fear of offending forbids him to speak ;
But wanders a willing example to prove,
“ That friendship with woman is sister to love.”

A lover, thus conquer'd, can ne'er give offence ;
Not a dupe to her smiles, but a slave to her sense :
His passion, nor wrinkles, nor age can allay,
Since founded on that which can never decay ;
And time, that will beauty's short empire remove,
Increasing her reason, increases his love.



S O N G 33.

Sung in SHAKESPEARE'S JUBILEE.

YE Warwickshire lads, and ye lasses,
 See what at our Jubilee passes ;
 Come revel away, rejoice, and be glad,
 For the lad of all lads was a Warwickshire lad,
 Warwickshire lads, all be glad,
For the lad of all lads, &c.

Be proud of the charms of your country,
 Where Nature has lavish'd her bounty,
 Where much she has given, and some to be spar'd,
 For the bard of all bards was a Warwickshire bard,
 Warwickshire bard, never pair'd, &c.

Each shire has its different pleasures,
 Each shire has its different treasures,
 But to rare Warwickshire all must submit,
 For the wit of all wits was a Warwickshire wit,
 Warwickshire wit, how he writ ! &c.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
 And half a score more we took pride in ;
 Of famous Will Congreve we boast too the skill,
 But the Will of all Wills was a Warwickshire Will,
 Warwickshire Will, matchless still ! &c.

Our Shakespeare compar'd is to no man,
 Nor Frenchman, nor Grecian, nor Roman,

Their swan are all geese to the Avon's sweet swan,
And the man of all men was a Warwickshire man,
Warwickshire man, Avon's swan, &c.

As ven'ison is very inviting,
To steal it our bard took delight in :
To make his friends merry he never was lag,
And the wag of all wags was a Warwickshire wag,
Warwickshire wag, ever brag, &c.

There never was seen such a creature,
Of all she was worth he robb'd Nature :
He took all her smiles, and he took all her grief,
And the thief of all thieves was a Warwickshire thief,
*Warwickshire thief, he's the chief,
For the thief, &c.*

S O N G 34.

LOVE IN DISGUISE.

AT Totterdown-hill there dwelt an old pair,
And it may be they dwell there still ;
Much riches indeed didn't fall to their share,
They kept a small farm and a mill :
But, fully content with what they did get,
They knew not of guile or of arts ;
One daughter they had, and her name it was Bet,
And she was the pride of their hearts.

Nut-brown were her locks, her shape it was straight,
Her eyes were as black as a sloe,
Her teeth were milk-white, full smart was her gait,
And sleek was her skin as a doe :
All thick were the clouds, and the rain it did pour,
No bit of true blue could be spy'd ;
A child wet and cold came and knock'd at the door,
Its mam it had lost, and it cry'd.

Young Bet was as mild as the mornings of May,
The babe she hugg'd close to her breast ;
She chaff'd him all o'er, and he smil'd as he lay,
She kiss'd him and lull'd him to rest :
But who do you think she had got for her prize ?
Why, Love ! that fly master of arts ;
No sooner he wak'd but he dropt his disguise,
And shew'd her his wings and his darts.

Quoth he, I am Love, but be not afraid,
Though all I make shake at my will ;
So good and so kind have you been, my fair maid,
No harm shall you feel from my skill ;
My mother ne'er dealt with such fondness by me ;
A friend you shall find in me still :
Take my quiver and shoot, and be greater than she,
The Venus of Totterdown-hill.



S O N G 35.

COME let's hae mair wine in,
Bacchus hates repining,
Venus loes nae dwining,
Let's be blyth and free :
Away with dull, Here t'ye, Sir,
Your mistress, Robie, gi'es her,
We'll drink her health wi' pleasure,
Wha's belov'd by thee.

Then let Peggy warm ye,
That's a lass can charm ye,
And to joys alarm ye,
Sweet is she to me.
Some angel ye wad ca' her,
And never wish nae brawer,
If ye bareheaded saw her,
Kiltit to the knee.

Peggy a dainty lass is :
Come let's join our glasses,
And refresh our hauses,
With a health to thee.
Let coofs their cash be clinking,
Be statesmen tint in thinking,
While we with love and drinking,
Gie our cares the lie.

SONG 36.

Sung by MRS SMITH in the DESERTER.

SOME how my Spindle I mislaid,
And lost it underneath the grass;
Damon advancing, bow'd his head,
And said, What seek you pretty lass:
A little love when urg'd with care,
Oft leads a heart, and leads it far.
Oft leads a heart, &c.

'Twas passing by yon spreading Oak,
That I my Spindle lost just now;
His knife then kindly Damon took,
And from the tree he cut a bough;
A little love when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart and lead it far.
A little love, &c.

Thus did the youth his time employ,
While me he tenderly beheld;
He talk'd of love, I leap'd for joy,
For ah, my heart did fondly yield:
A little love when urg'd with care,
Will lead a heart, and lead it far.
A little love, &c.



S O N G 37.

By Lord LYTTLETON.

WHEN Delia on the grove appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears ;
I would approach, but dare not move ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When'er she speaks, my ravish'd ear
No other voice but her's can hear,
No other's wit but her's approve ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

If she some other swain commend,
Though I was once his fondest friend,
His instant enemy I prove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When she's absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before ;
The clearest stream or shadiest grove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.

When fond of pow'r, of beauty vain,
Her nets she spreads for ev'ry swain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this be love.



SONG 38.

THE LANDSCAPE.—TUNE, GILDEROY.

HOW pleas'd with my native bowers,
E'erwhile I pass'd the day;
Was ever scene so deck'd with flowers?
Were ever flow'rs so gay?
How sweetly smil'd the hill, the vale,
And all the landscape round!
The river gliding down the dale!
The hill with beeches crown'd!

But now, when wry'd by tender woes
I speed to meet my dear,
That hill and stream my zeal oppose,
And check my fond career.
No more, since Daphne was my theme,
Their wonted charms I see;
That verdant hill and silver stream
Divide my love and me.

SONG 39.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That hills and vallies, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks,
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose fall,
Melodious birds sing madrigal.

There will I make beds of roses,
With a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle :

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold :

A belt of straw, and ivy buds,
With coral clasps, and amber studs ;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

S O N G 40.

T H E N Y M P H ' S R E P L Y .

I F that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,

These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flow'rs do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reck'ning yields;
A honey tongue, and heart of gall,
May pleasures turn to sorrows all.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
All those in me no means can move,
To come to thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need;
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.



S O N G 41.

LONG, long I despair'd a young shepherd to find,
Nor proud of his merit, nor false as the wind ;
But, at last, I have got a dear lad to my mind ;
Oh ! I never can part with my Willy :
We hied to the altar last Midsummer-day ;
I blush'd all the while, and scarce knew what to say ;
But I vow'd (I remember) to love and obey :
Can I do any less by my Willy !

His breath is as fragrant as fresh morning air ;
His face than the rose is more ruddy, I swear ;
And his kisses as sweet—oh ! beyond all compare !
There is not such a lad as my Willy.
With him none pretends or to pipe or to play,
But what tender soft things does the shepherd not
say ?
With ease, I am sure, he might steal hearts away :
But I'll never distrust thee, dear Willy.

When I droop'd all in pain, and hung down my
head,
How kindly he watch'd me ! what tears did he shed !
He ne'er left me a moment 'till sickness was fled :
Can I ever forget thee, dear Willy ?
Should Death from my sight tear the shepherd so
true,
Let him take, if he chuses, then, me away too ;
For why should I tarry, or what could I do,
Should I lose such a lad as my Willy ?

S O N G 42.

To the Tune of, ROSLIN-CASTLE.

BY the mountain's side reclining,
Gazing o'er the landscape round ;
Flow'ry meads, and verdant valleys,
Which with fertile sweets abound.
Kind indulgent Nature gives us
Sweets like these that ne'er can cloy ;
Doubly blest wou'd be our portion,
Cou'd we but these sweets enjoy.

Mark the rustic, gaily whistling,
Follow'd by his faithful dog ;
And yon coy and blushing maiden,
With her ribbons just in vogue ;
Happier he than courtly nobles,
All in folly's tinsel drest ;
Happier she than jewell'd ladies,
With a far more peaceful breast.

Down beside yon bank of roses,
See ! the shepherd tunes his reed ;
While his bleating lambkins round him
Gaily gambol on the mead.
From the crowded glaring city
Far and distant let me dwell ;
All its blazing pomp and grandeur,
Sweets like these can far excell.

S O N G 43.

THE ABSENT LOVER.

YE gentle gales that fan the fair,
And wanton in the shady grove,
O! whisper to my absent fair,
My secret pain, and endless love.

And, in the sultry heat of day
When she does seek some cool retreat,
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.—

That when she sees their colour fade,
And all their pride neglected lie,
Let that instruct the charming maid,
That sweets untimely gather'd die.

And when she lays her down to rest,
Let some auspicious vision show
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I undergo.

S O N G 44.

By Lord LYTLETON.

THE heavy hours are almost past
That part my love and me ;

My longing eyes may hope, at last,
Their only wish to see :
But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long ?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue ?

Will you in every look declare
Your heart is still the same ;
And heal each idly anxious care,
Our fears in absence frame ?
Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene
When shortly we shall meet,
And try what yet remains, between,
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But, if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove ;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love ;
All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join ;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
To *die*, and think you mine.

S O N G 45.

THE world is a well furnish'd table,
Where guests are promisc'ously set :

We all fare as well as we're able,
And scramble for what we can get.
My simile holds to a title ;
Some gorge, while some scarce have a taste :
But if I'm content with a little,
Enough is as good as a feast.

S O N G 46.

TO all my good friends these verses I send,
It is neither to beg nor to crave,
What tho' I be poor, and have not great store,
I'm content with the little I have.
I never for want, shall look coldrise or scant,
Tho' many there be that do so ;
*But I'll merry be, love him that loves me,
And I care not which way the world go.
But I'll merry be, love him that loves me,
And I care not which way the world go.*

There's many a miser has more than enough,
Why should I repine at his blifs,
For I am content, with what heaven has sent,
And I hope I've said nothing amifs.
Let him enjoy wealth, and I my good health,
With money to pay what I owe ;

Then I'll laugh and sing, be as merry as a king,
And I care not which way the world go.

Then I'll, &c.

But I shall take care, before that I'm gone,

What is all this gay world to me,

Why should I be sad, for what I ne'er had,

But amongst my good friends let it flee.

Lest about my estate, there should be a debate,

When my head it is lying full low ;

Some rogue may enjoy it, whom I never meant,

So I'll drink it which way the world go.

Some rogue may enjoy it, whom I never meant,

So I'll drink it which way the world go.

S O N G 47.

Sung by Mr BANNISTER.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
And chilling mists hang o'er the darken'd main,
Then sailor's think of their far distant home,
And of those friends they ne'er meet again :
But when the fight's begun
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er our mind,
We think but should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer their hearts to hear,
That their old companion he was one.

Or, my lad, if you a mistress kind,
Have left on shore, some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And wakes to think how it may fare with you.
O! when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind,
Think only should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer her heart to hear,
That her own true sailor he was one.

S O N G 48.

An old bottle Song.

THE man that is drunk is void of all care;
He needs neither Parthian, quiver or spear;
The Moor's poison'd dart he scorns for to wield,
His bottle alone is his weapon and shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies and whores,
Demolishes windows and breaks open doors;
He revels all night, is afraid of no evil,
And boldly defies both doctor and devil.

As late I rode out with my skin full of wine,
Incumber'd neither with care nor with coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible dun;
Affrighted as soon as he saw me, he run.

No monster could put you to half so much fear,
Should he in Apulia's forest appear :
In Africa's desert there never was seen
A monster so hated by gods, and by men.

Come, place me, ye deities, under the line,
Where grows not a tree, not a plant, but the vine :
O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter and sweat,
Barefooted, with nothing to keep off the heat :

Or—place me where sunshine is ne'er to be found,
Where the earth is winter eternally bound ;
Ev'n there I would nought but my bottle require,
My bottle should warm me, and fill me wi' fire.

My tutor may job me, and lay me down rules,
Who mind them but wild philosophical fools !
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis time enough then to sit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Aristotle an ass for his pain ;
His sorrow he us'd in full bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor well stor'd,
And into it I came to be drunk as a lord ;
My life is the reck'ning which freely I pay,
And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll stagger away.

S O N G 49.

SPRING renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey ;
In each creature we may see
The effect of love's degree :
 This their state,
 Such their fate ;
Do not, Molly, be too late.

Look around, and see them play,
All are wanton while they may ;
Why should precious time be lost,
After Summer comes a frost :
 All pursue
 Nature's due ;
Let us, Molly, do so too.

Flowers all around us blowing,
Herds in ev'ry meadow lowing,
Birds on ev'ry branch are wooing,
Turtles all around us cooing :
 Hark ! they coo,
 See ! they woo,
Let us, Molly, do so too.

Mark ! how kind yon swain and lass,
Yonder sitting on the grass,
See ! how earnestly he sues,
While she, blushing, can't refuse :

See! yon two,
How they woo;
Let us, Molly, do so too.

Mark! that cloud above the plain,
See! it seems to threaten rain;
Herds and flocks do run together,
Seeking shelter from the weather:
Fear not you,
I'll be true;
Let us, therefore, do so too.

SONG 50.

TO please me the more, and to change the dull
scene,
My swain took me oft to the sports on the green;
And to every fine sight would he tempt me to roam,
For he fear'd that my heart should grow weary at
home.

To yield to my shepherd, so fond and so kind,
I left my dear cot' and true pleasures behind;
And oft' as I went, saw 'twas folly to roam,
For false all the joys were that grew not at home.

To flirt and be prais'd, was to me no delight,
I sigh'd for no swain with my own in my sight;

Then how could I wish all abroad thus to roam,
When love and contentment were always at home.

Like the bird in the cage, who's been kept there
so long,
I'm blest, as I can be, and sing my glad song;
I ask not again in the woodlands to roam,
Nor choose to be free, nor to fly from my home.

Ye nymphs and ye shepherds, so frolic and gay,
Who in roving, now flutter your moments away;
Believe it, my aim shall be never to roam,
But to live all my days, and be happy at home.

S O N G 51.

AH! why must words my flame reveal!
What need my Damon bid me tell
What all my actions prove!
A blush, whene'er I meet his eye,
Whene'er I hear his name, a sigh,
Betrays my secret love.

In all their sports upon the plain,
My eyes, still fix'd on him, remain,
And him alone approve;
The rest, unheeded, dance or play,
From all he steals my praise away;
And can I doubt my love!

Whene'er we meet, my looks confess
The joys which all my soul possess,
And ev'ry care remove ;
Still, still too short appears his stay,
The moments fly too swift away ;
Too fast for my fond love.

Does any speak in Damon's praise ?
So pleas'd am I with all he says,
I ev'ry word approve ;
But is he blam'd, altho' in jest,
I feel resentment fire my breast,
Alas ! because I love.

But, O ! what tortures tear my heart,
When I suspect his looks impart
The least desire to rove :
I hate the maid who gives me pain,
Yet him to hate I strive in vain ;
For, ah ! that hate is love.

Then ask not words, but read mine eyes,
Believe my blushes, trust my sighs ;
My passion these will prove :
Words oft deceive, and spring from art ;
But the true language of my heart
To Damon, must be love.



S O N G 52.

By LORD LYTTLETON to his LUCY.

TO him that in an hour must die
Not swifter seems that hour to fly,
Than slow the minutes seem to me,
Which keep me from the sight of thee.

No more that trembling wretch wou'd give
Another day or year to live,
Than I to shorten what remains
Of that long hour which thee detains.

Oh ! come to my impatient arms,
O ! come with all thy heav'nly charms,
At once to justify and pay
The pain I feel from this delay.

S O N G 53.

DOWN AMANG THE BROOM.

BRAW, braw lads of Galla-Water,
O ! braw lads of Galla-Water ;
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee
And follow my love through the water.

Sae fair her hair, sae brent her brow,
Sae bonny blue her een, my dearie ;

Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',
The mair I kifs, she's ay my dearie.

O'er yon bank, and o'er yon brae,
O'er yon mofs among the heather,
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,
And follow my love thro' the water.

Down amang the broom, the broom,
Down amang the broom, my dearie,
The lassie lost a filken snood,
That cost her mony a blert and bleary.

S O N G 54.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

NO repose can I discover,
Nor find joy without my lover;
Can I stay when she's not near me;
Cruel Fates! once deign to hear me.

The charms of grandeur don't decoy me,
Fair Eliza must enjoy me;
My crown and sceptre I resign,
The shepherd's life shall still be mine.

S O N G 55.

ON thy banks, gentle Tay, when I breath'd
the soft flute,
To my Chloe's sweet accents attention sat mute ;
To her voice with what transport I swell'd the flow
strain,
Or return'd dying measures in echoes again :
Little Cupid beat time, and the graces around
Taught with even divisions to vary the sound.

From my Chloe remov'd when I bid it complain,
And warble smooth numbers to sooth love-sick pain ;
How much alter'd it seems as the rising notes flow,
And the soft-falling strains how insipidly flow ;
I will play then no more, for it's her voice alone
Must enrapture my soul to enliven its tone.

S O N G 56.

THE MAID THAT'S MADE FOR LOVE AND ME.

O ! WOULD'ST thou know what sacred charms
This destin'd heart of mine alarms ;
What kind of nymph the heav'n's decree,
The maid that's made for love and me.

Who pants to hear the sigh sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear;
From each ungentle passion free
Be such the maid that's made for me.

Who joys where'er she sees me glad,
Who sorrows when she sees me sad;
For peace and me can pomp resign,
Such the heart that's made for mine.

Whose soul with gen'rous friendship glows,
Who feels the blessing she bestows;
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Such be mine, if such there be.

Whose genuine thoughts, devoid of art,
Are all the natives of her heart;
A gentle train from falsehood free,
Such the maid that's made for me.

Avaunt! ye light coquets! retire
Whom glitt'ring fops around admire;
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see;
More genuine beauties are made for me.

Should Love, fantastic as he is,
Raise up some rival to my bliss;
And should she change,—but, can that be?
No other maid is made for me.

S O N G 57.

The Jovial Huntsmen.

AWAY to the field, see the morning looks
grey,
And, sweetly bedappled, forbodes a fine day :
The hounds are all eager the sport to embrace,
And carol aloud to be led to the chace.

*Then hark, in the morn, to the call of the horn,
And join with the jovial crew ;
While the season invites, with all its delights,
The health giving chace to pursue.*

How charming the sight, when Aurora first dawns,
To see the bright beagles spread over the lawns,
To welcome the sun, now returning from rest,
Their mattins they chant as they merrily quest.

Then hark, &c.

But oh ! how each bosom with transport it fills,
To start, just as Phœbus peeps over the hills,
While joyous, from valley to valley resounds,
The shouts of the hunters, and cry of the hounds.

Then hark, &c.

See how the brave hunters with courage elate,
Fly hedges or ditches, or top the barr'd gate ;
Borne by their bold coursers, no dangers they fear,
And give to the winds all vexation and care.

Then hark, &c.

Ye cities, for the chace, quit the joys of the town,
And scorn the dull pleasure of sleeping in town;
Uncertain your toil, or for honour or wealth;
Ours still is repaid with contentment and health.
Then hark, &c.

SONG 58.

The Huntsman's Call.

DO you hear, brother sportsman, the sound of
the horn,
And yet the sweet pleasure decline;
For shame, rouse your senses, and ere it is morn,
With me the sweet melody join.

Thro' the wood and the valley the traitor we'll
rally,
Nor quit him, till panting he lies;
While hounds, in full cry, thro' hedges shall fly,
And chace the swift hare till she dies.

Then saddle your steed to the meadows and fields,
Both willing and joyous repair;
No pastime in life greater happiness yields,
Then chasing the fox or the hare.

For such comforts, my friend, on the sportsman
attend,
No pleasure like hunting is found;

For when it is o'er, as brisk as before,
Next morning we spurn up the ground.

S O N G 59.

THO' my dress and my manners are simple and
plain,
A rascal I hate, and a knave I disdain ;
My dealings are just, and my conscience is clear,
And I'm richer than those who have thousands
a-year.

Tho' bent down with age, and for sporting un-
couth,
I feel no remorse for the follies of youth ;
I still tell my tale, and rejoice in my song,
And, my boys, think my age not a moment too
long.

Let the courtiers, those dealers in grin and
grimace,
Creep under, dance over, for title or place ;
Above all the titles that flow from a throne,
That of honest I prize, and that title's my own.



SONG 60.

The TUTOR.

COME, my fairest, learn of me,
Learn to give and take the bliss;
Come, my love, here's none but we,
I'll instruct thee how to kiss:
Why turn from me that dear face?
Why that blush and down cast eye?
Come, come, meet my fond embrace,
And the mutual rapture try.

Throw thy lovely twining arms
Round my neck, or round my waist;
And, while I devour thy charms,
Let me closely be embrac'd:
Then, what soft ideas rise,
And your gay desires grow strong;
Let them sparkle in thine eyes,
Let them murmur from thy tongue.

To my breast with rapture cling,
Look with transport on thy face;
Kiss me, press me, ev'ry thing,
To endear the fond embrace.
Ev'ry tender name of love,
In soft whispers let me hear;
And let speaking nature prove
Every extacy sincere.

S O N G 61.

SWEET ANNIE FRAE THE SEA-BEECH.

SWEET Annie frae the sea-beech came,
Where Jocky speel'd the vessel's side;
Ah! wha can keep their heart at hame,
When Jocky's toft aboon the tyde.
Far aff to distant realms he gangs,
Yet I'll be true as he has been;
And when ilk' lads about him thrangs,
He'll think on me his faithfu' ain.

I met our wealthy laird yestreen,
Wi' gou'd in hand he tempted me;
He prais'd my brow, my rolling een,
And made a brag o' what he'd gie.
What tho' my Jocky's far awa',
Toft up and down the awfome main,
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may return again.

Nae mair, false Jamie! sing nae mair,
And fairly cast your pipe away;
My Jocky wad be troubl'd fair,
To see his friend his love betray:
For a' your fangs and verse are vain,
While Jocky's notes do faithfu' flow;
My heart to him shall true remain,
I'll keep it for my constant jo.

Blaw fast, ye gales! round Jocky's head,
And gar your waves be ca'm and still;
His hameward sail with breezes speed,
And dinna a' my pleasure spill.
What tho' my Jocky's far away,
Yet he will braw in filler shine;
I'll keep my heart anither day,
Since Jocky may again be mine.

S O N G 62.

"SWEET ANNIE," translated from the Scots.

SWEET Annie slowly left the shore,
Where Damon climb'd the vessel's side;
Alas! my heart knows home no more,
Since Damon's tofs'd along the tide:
Yet shall my heart ill faithful prove,
For faithful ever is my swain;
Absent he thinks on Annie's love,
And foreign beauties charm in vain.

His gold let wealthy Strephon show,
And the soomth arts of flatt'ry try;
And praise the polish of my brow,
Likewise the lustre of mine eye.
What tho' to distant regions born,
My lover rides the awful deep,

I'll wait and hope for his return,
And all my heart for Damon keep.

No more, false Corydon; no more
For Annie frame the luring lay;
Your Damon would be troubled sore,
Did you his confidence betray.
Your luring lays are all in vain,
Your false designs disgrace your art;
But melting sweet is Damon's strain,
His strain bespeaks the faithful heart.

O! smile, ye skies! around my love;
Gently, ye prosp'rous breezes! blow;
Far off, ye savage storms! remove,
Nor cloud my future days with woe.
Full long, alas! will be his stay,
But let me not at Fate repine;
I'll keep my heart, and wait the day,
When Damon shall again be mine.

S O N G 63.

THE WISH.

WHEN the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their beauty have lost;
When nature's disrob'd of her mantle of green,
And the streams are fast bound with the frost;

While the peasant inactive stands shiv'ring with cold,
As bleak the winds northerly blow ;
When the innocent flocks run for ease to the fold,
With their fleeces all cover'd with snow :

In the yard while the cattle are fodder'd with straw,
And send forth their breath like a stream ;
And the neat-looking dairy maid sees the must thaw,
Fleaks of ice that she finds in her cream :
When the sweet country maiden as fresh as the rose,
As she carelessly trips often slides,
And the rustics loud laugh, if by falling she shows
All the charms that her modesty hides.

When the birds to the barn-door hover for food,
As with silence they rest on the spray ;
And the poor tired hare in vain seeks the wood,
Lest her footsteps her course should betray.
When the lads and the lassies, in company join'd,
In a croud round the embers are met,
Talk of fairies and witches that ride on the wind,
And of ghosts, till they're all in a sweet :

Heav'n grant in this season it may be my lot,
With the nymph whom I love and admire,
Whilst the icicles hang from the eves of my cot,
I may thither in safety retire.
Where in neatness and quiet, and free from surprize,
We may live, and no hardships endure,
Nor feel any turbulent passions arise,
But such as each other may cure.

S O N G 64.

THE FORSAKEN NYMPH.

GUARDIAN angels ! now protect me,
Send, ah ! send the youth I love ;
Deign, O ! Cupid, to direct me,
Lead me to the myrtle-grove :
Bear my sighs, soft floating air,
Say, I love him to despair ;
Tell him, 'tis for him I grieve,
For him alone I wish to live.

Mid secluded dells I'll wander,
Silent as the shades of night,
Near some bubbling rill's meander,
Where he oft has blest my sight :
There to weep the night away,
There to waste in sighs the day ;
Think, fond youth, what vows you swore,
And must I never see thee more.

Then recluse shall be my dwelling,
Deep in some sequest' red vale ;
There, with mournful cadence swelling,
Oft' repeat my love-sick tale :
And, the lark and philomel
Oft' shall hear a virgin tell,
What's the pain to bid adieu
To joy, to happiness, and you !

SONG 65.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

HOPELESS still, in silent anguish,
Far from her whom I adore ;
Must I ever love and languish,
Doom'd to view her face no more !
Must I fly to scenes of wo !
Must I ev'ry bliss forego !
Why should Fate so cruel prove,
Alas ! that ever I did love ?

Vain my purpose to forget her,
Fancy gives her to my eyes ;
See ! ten thousand charms beset her ;
See ! her dear idea rise :
See ! fair maid, my dying bloom ;
See ! a tender youth consume :
Sad, for ever, let me stray,
To mourn and sigh my life away.

Far from human crowds retiring,
Stranger to the voice of Fame,
In some lone some vale expiring,
Of a constant — hapless flame :
There, when worthless life is o'er,
And the cares of love no more,
Weeping nymphs my grave shall see,
And passing lovers pity me.

S O N G 66.

To the Tune of, THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

^{s a}
WHAT tho' the meads be deck'd with flow'rs,
What tho' the daisy paints the green,
Celia no more does charm the hours,
Nor does she grace the sylvan scene.

Though now the linnets chant their song,
And nightingales their tuneful lay ;
Sweet emblems of my Celia's tongue !
No more ye please—my love's away.

I thought this beauteous landscape, gay,
These gilded bow'rs, cou'd charm my view ;
I labour'd oft my Love to stay,
And rural pastimes to renew.

O ! happy days ! when with my Love
I wander'd in the flowry vale ;
Or when she deign'd to haunt the grove,
And listen to my artless tale.

I've heard her say, " the vale was fair,
" And how the daisy decks the green ;"
And to the hill she would repair,
And say, " How beauteous was the scene !"

And can she prize the city's noise,
Fill'd with revel, pride, and strife ?

Mayhap she yet will prove the joys
Of a domestic country life.

Mayhap she'll think on these lov'd boys,
Where, wing'd with joy, the minutes fled;
And swift, unnotic'd, pass'd the hours
Beneath the ivy-mantled shade.

S O N G 67.

A N N A.

SHEPHERDS, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna,
Pride of ev'ry shady grove,
Upon the banks of Banna :
I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,
Greenwood shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,
Until her returning,
All the joys of life are o'er,
From gladness chang'd to mourning :
Whither is my charmer flown ?
Shepherds, tell me whither ?
Ah ! wo for me ! perhaps she's gone,
For ever and for ever.

S O N G 68.

LOVE's a gentle gen'rous passion,
Source of all sublime delights ;
Which, with mutual inclination,
Two fond hearts in one unites.

What are titles, pomp, and riches,
When compar'd with true content ?
That false joy which now bewitches,
When obtain'd, we may repent.

Lawless passion brings vexation :
But a chaste and virtuous love,
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.

S O N G 69.

The SECRET KISS.

AT the silent ev'ning hour,
Two fond lovers in a bow'r,
Sought their mutual bliss ;
Tho' her heart was just relenting,
Tho' her eyes seem'd just consenting,
Yet, yet she fear'd to kiss.

Since this secret shade he cry'd,
 Still those rosy blushes hide,
 Why, why will you resist?
 When no tell-tale spy is near us,
 Eye to see, or ear to hear us,
 Who, who would not be kiss'd?

Celia hearing what he said,
 Blushing, lifted up her head,
 Her breast soft wishes fill:
 Since, she cry'd, no spy is near us,
 Eye to see, or ear to hear us,
 Kifs, kifs—or what you will.

SONG 70.

The BORROW'D KISS.

SEE I languish! see I faint!
 I must borrow, beg, or steal;
 When you see a soul in want,
 And no kind compassion feel?
 Give, or lend, or let me take,
 One sweet kiss; I ask no more:
 One sweet kiss, for pity's sake!
 I'll repay it with a score.

Chloe heard, and with a smile,
Kind, compassionate, and sweet ;
Colin, 'tis a sin to steal,
And for me to give's not meet :
But I'll lend a kiss or twain,
To poor Colin in distress ;
Not but I'll be paid again,
Colin, I mean nothing less.

S O N G 71.

The RAPTURE.

WHILST on thy dear bosom lying,
Celia, who can speak thy bliss ;
When the rapture I'm enjoying,
When thy balmy lips I kiss !
Ev'ry look with love inspires me,
Ev'ry touch my bosom warms ;
Ev'ry melting murmur fires me,
Ev'ry joy is in thy arms.

Those dear eyes how soft they languish,
Feel my heart with transport beat ;
Pleasure turns almost to anguish,
When the transport is so sweet :

Think not so divinely on me,
 Celia, I die with bliss;
 Yet, yet turn these eyes upon me!
 Who'd not die a death like this?

S O N G 72.

The STOLEN KISS.

ON a mossy bank reclin'd,
 Beauteous Chloe lay reposing:
 O'er her breast each am'rous wind
 Wanton play'd its sweets disclosing:
 Tempted with the smiling charms,
 Colin, happy swain drew nigh her,
 Softly stole into her arms,
 Laid his scrip and sheep hook by her.

O'er her downy panting breast,
 His delighted fingers roving;
 To her lips his lips he prest,
 In the extacy of loving:
 Chloe waken'd with his kiss,
 Pleas'd, yet frowned to conceal it;
 Cry'd, True lovers share the bliss,
 Why then, Colin, wou'd you steal it!

S O N G 73.

The IMAGINARY KISS.

WHEN Fanny I saw, as she trip'd o'er the
green,

Fair, blooming, soft, artless, and kind;
Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense her mein,
And warmth, with modesty join'd:
Transported with sudden amazement, stood
Fast rivetted down to the place;
Her delicate shape, easy motion, I view'd,
And wander'd o'er every grace.

Ye gods! what luxuriance of beauty! I cry,
What raptures must dwell in her arms!
On her lips I could feast, on her breast I could die;
O Fanny! how sweet are thy charms!
Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,
Soft transports my senses invade;
Young Damon step'd up, with the substance he
fled,
And left me to kiss but the shade.

S O N G 74.

The FEAST.

POLLY, when your lips you join,
Lovely pouting lips to mine;

To the bee the flow'ry field,
Such a banquet does not yield.

Not the dewy morning rose
So much sweetness does disclose;
Not the gods such nectar sip
As Colin, from thy balmy lip.

Kiss me, then, with rapture kiss;
We'll surpass the gods in bliss;
We'll surpass the gods in bliss;
We'll surpass, &c.

S O N G 75.

The MEETING KISS.

LET me fly into thy arms,
Let me taste again thy charms;
Kiss me, press me, to thy breast,
In raptures not to be express.

Let me clasp thy lovely waist,
Throw thy arms around my neck,
Thus embracing, and embrac'd,
Nothing shall our raptures check.

Hearts with mutual pleasure glowing,
Eyes with fears of gladness flowing;
Eyes and lips, and hearts, shall show,
Th' excess of joy that meeting lovers know.
The excess of joy, &c.

SONG 76.

The RECONCILING KISS.

WHY that sadness on thy brow?
Why that starting chrystal tear?
Dearest Polly let me know,
For thy grief I cannot bear.
Polly with a sigh reply'd,
What needs I the cause impart;
Did not you this moment chide?
And you know it breaks my heart.

Colin, melting as she spoke,
Caught the fair one in his arms;
O, my dear! thy tender look
Every passion quite disarms.
By this dear relenting kiss,
I'd no anger in my thought;
Come, my love, by this, and this,
Let our quarrels be forgot.

As when sudden stormy rain
 Ev'ry drooping flow'ret spoils ;
 When the sun shines out again,
 All the face of Nature smiles.
 Polly so reviv'd and cheer'd,
 By her Colin's kind embrace,
 Her declining head up rear'd,
 Sweetly smiling in his face.

SONG 77.

WITH an honest old friend, and a merry old song,
 And a flask of old port, let me sit the night long ;
 And laugh at the malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig porter, whilst I can drink wine.

I envy no mortal, tho' ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a wretch for his lowly estate ;
 But what I abhor and esteem as a curse,
 Is poorness of spirit, not poorness in purse.

Then dare to be gen'rous, dauntless and gay,
 Let's merrily pass life's remainder away ;
 Upheld by our friends, we our foes may despise,
 For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

S O N G 78.

WHEN fairies dance round on the grass,
And revel to night's awful noon :
O say, will you meet me, sweet lass,
All by the pale light of the moon ?
My passion I seek not to screen,
Then can I refuse you your boon ?
I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
All by the pale light of the moon.

The nightingale perch'd on a thorn,
Then charms all the plains with her tune,
And glad of the absence of morn,
Salutes the bright light of the moon.
How sweet is the jessamin grove !
And sweet are the roses of June,
But sweeter the language of love,
Breath'd forth by the light of the moon.

Too slow rolls the chariot of day,
Unwilling to grant me my boon :
Away, envious sunshine, away !
Give place to the light of the moon.
But say, will you never deceive,
The lass whom you conquer'd so soon ;
And leave a soft maiden to grieve,
Alone by the light of the moon ?

The planets shall start from their spheres
Ere I prove so sickle a loon :

Believe me, I'll banish thy fears,
 Dear maid, by the light of the moon.
 Our loves when the shepherds shall view,
 To us they their pipes shall tune :
 While we our soft pleasures renew
 Each night by the light of the moon.

S O N G 79.

SINCE artists, who sue for the trophies of fame,
 Their wit and their taste and their genius proclaim;
 Attend to my song, and you'll certainly find,
 A secret disclos'd for the good of mankind;
 And deny it who can, sure the laurel's my due,
 I've found out a padlock to keep a wife true.

Should the amorous goddess preside o'er your
 dame,
 With the ardours of youth, all her passions inflame;
 Should her beauty lead captive each softer desire,
 And languishing lovers still sigh and admire;
 Yet fearless you'd trust her tho' thousands may sue,
 When I tell you my padlock to keep a wife true.

Though the husband may think that he wisely
 restrains,
 With his bars and his bolts, his confinements and
 chains;

How fatally weak must each artifice prove !
Can fetters of steel bind like fetters of love ?
Thro' jealousy hence bid suspicion adieu,
Restraint's not the padlock to keep a wife true.

Should her fancy incline to the park or the play,
All complying and kind you should give her her
way ;
While her taste and her judgment you fondly approve,
'Tis reason secures you the treasure of love ;
And believe me no coxcomb admission can find,
For the fair one is safe if you padlock her mind.

Tho' her virtues with foibles may frequently blend,
Let the husband be lost in the lover and friend ;
Let doubts and surmises no longer perplex,
'Tis the charm of indulgence that binds the fair
sex ;
They ne'er can prove false while this maxim's in
view,
Good humour's the padlock that keeps a wife true.

S O N G 80.

MY goddess, Lydia, heavenly fair,
As lily sweet, as soft as air,
Let loose thy tresses, spread thy charms,
And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on these bright eyes,
 Though sacred light'ning from him flies;
 Shew me that soft, that modest grace,
 Which paints with charming red thy face.

Give me ambrosia in a kiss,
 That I may rival Jove in bliss;
 That I may mix my soul with thine,
 And make the pleasure all divine.

O! hide thy bosom's killing white,
 (The milky way is not so bright)
 Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress
 With beauty's pomp and sweet excess.

Why draw'st thou, from the purple flood
 Of my kind heart, the vital blood?
 Thou art all over endless charms;
 O! take me dying to thy arms.

SONG 81.

Sung in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

SFILL in hopes to get the better
 Of my stubborn flame I try;
 Swear this moment to forget her,
 And the next my oath deny.

Now prepar'd with scorn to treat her,
Ev'ry charm in thought I brave ;
Then, relapsing, fly to meet her,
And confess myself her slave.

S O N G 81.

NATURE'S HOLY DAY.

THE sun in virgin lustre shone,
May morning put its beauties on,
The warblers sung in livelier strains,
And sweeter flow'rets deck'd the plains;
When Love, that lest intruding guest,
That long had dwelt in Damon's breast,
Now whisper'd to the nymph, Away,
For this is Nature's Holy-day.

The tender impulse wing'd his haste,
The painted mead he instant pass'd,
And soon the happy cot he gain'd,
Where beauty slept and silence reign'd ;
Awake, my fair, the shepherd cries,
To new-born pleasure ope' thine eyes ;
Arise, my Sylvia, hail the May,
For this is Nature's Holy Day.

SONG 83.

OSCAR'S GHOST.—Tune, ROSLIN CASTLE.

O! SEE that form that faintly gleams,
 It's Oscar come to chear my dreams,
 On wings of wind he flies away;
 O! stay, my lovely Oscar, stay.
 'Wake Ossian, last of Fingal's line;
 And mix'thy tears and sighs with mine:
 Awake the harp to doleful lays,
 And sooth my soul with Oscar's praise.

SONG 84.

GALLANT SAILOR.

GALLANT failor, oft' you told me
 That you'd never leave your love;
 To your vows I now must hold you,
 Now's the time your love to prove.

Is not Britain's flag degraded?
 Have not Frenchmen brav'd our fleet?
 Can a sailor live upbraided,
 When the French have dar'd to meet?

Hear me, gallant failor, hear me,
 While your country has a foe,

He is mine too ; be not near me,
I may weep, but you must go.

Tho' this flow'ry season woes you
To the peaceful sports of May,
And love sighs so long to lose you,
Love to glory must give way.

Britain's sons can never fail her,
While her daughters prove so true;
Your soft courage fires each sailor,
We love honour loving you.

War and danger now invite us,
Blow, ye winds ! auspicious blow ;
Ev'ry gale shall most delight us
That shall waft us to our foe.

S O N G 85.

DAMON AND FLORELLA.

Damon.

CAST, my love, thine eyes around,
See the sportive lambkins play ;
Nature gayly decks the ground,
All in honour of the May ;
Like the sparrow and the dove,
Listen to the voice of Love.

Florella.

Damon, thou hast found me long
Lift'ning to thy soothing tale;
And thy soft persuasive song
Often held me in the dale:
Take, O Damon! while I live,
All that virtue ought to give.

Damon.

Not the verdure of the grove,
Nor the gardens' fairest flow'rs,
Nor the meads where lovers rove,
Tempted by the vernal hours,
Can delight thy Damon's eye
If Florella is not bye.

Florella.

Not the water's gentle fall
By the bank, with poplars crown'd,
Not the feather'd songsters all,
Nor the flute's melodious sound,
Can delight Florella's ear
If her Damon is not near.

Both.

Let us love, and let us live,
Like the chearful season gay;
Banish care, and let us give
Tribute to the fragrant May;
Like the sparrow and the dove
Listen to the voice of love.

S O N G 86.

HOW pleasant a sailor's life passes,
 Who roams o'er the watery main !
 No treasure he ever amasses,
 But chearfully spends all his gain.
 We're strangers to party and faction,
 To honour and honesty true,
 And would not commit a base action,
 For power or profit in view.

*Then why should we quarrel for riches,
 Or any such glittering toys ?
 A light heart and a thin pair of breeches
 Goes thorough the world, brave boys.*

The world is a beautiful garden,
 Enrich'd with the blessings of life,
 The toiler with plenty rewarding ;
 Which plenty too often breeds strife.
 When terrible tempests assail us,
 And mountainous billows affright,
 No grandeur or wealth can avail us,
 But skilful industry steers right.

Then why should, &c.

The courtier's more subject to dangers,
 Who rules at the helm of the state,
 Than we, that, to politics strangers,
 Escape the snares laid for the great.

The various blessings of nature,
In various nations we try,
No mortals than us can be greater,
Who merrily live till we die.

Then why should, &c.

S O N G 37.

YE nymphs, 'tis true to Colin's strain,
I've often listen'd in the grove,
And can you blame me that a swain
Like Colin should engage my love?

Alas, could I my heart secure,
Unless to worth and merit blind,
Ah, say, cou'd you yourselves endure
To slight a swain so true and kind?

When truth conveys the tender tale,
And honour breathes the shepherds sigh,
Love o'er discretion will prevail,
To shun its power in vain we try.



S O N G 88.

TELL me, tell me, charming creature,
Will you never ease my pain?
Must I die for ev'ry feature?
Must I always love in vain?
The desire of admiration,
Is the pleasure you pursue:
Prithee, try a lasting passion,
Such a love as mine for you.

Tears and sighing could not move you,
For a lover ought to dare:
When I plainly told I lov'd you,
Then you said I went too far.
Are such giddy ways befitting?
Will my dear be fickle still?
Conquest is the joy of women,
Let their slaves be what they will.

Your neglect with torments fill me,
And my desp'rate thoughts increase;
Pray consider, if you kill me,
You will have a lover less.
If your wand'ring heart is beating,
For new lovers, let it be?
But when you have done coquetting,
Name a day, and fix on me.

S O N G 89.

THE spring newly dawning invites ev'ry flow'r
 To bloſom again on the mead or the bow'r,
 Though ſports on each plain the young ſhepherds
 prepare,
 To me they're unpleaſing if Jocky's not there.
Though ſports. &c.

Let winter its horrors ſpread wide o'er the ſcene,
 And nought but its gloom on each object be ſeen,
 To me e'en a deſert ſeems lovely and fair,
 If fortune decrees that my Jocky is there.
Though ſports, &c.

S O N G 90.

Sung in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

YOUNG I am, and ſore afraid :
 Wou'd you hurt a harmleſs maid ?
 Lead an innocent aſtray !
 Tempt me not, kind Sir, I pray.

Men too often we believe ;
 And ſhou'd you my faith deceive,
 Ruin firſt, and then forſake,
 Sure my tender heart wou'd break.



S O N G 91.

THE PERFECTIONS OF TRUE LOVE.

Tune, Alloa-House.

THERE liv'd, long ago, in a country place,
A clever young lad who lov'd a young lass;
She lov'd him again, and, oh! wonder to hear,
No offers could move her, she lov'd him so dear:
The lord of the manor took it in his head,
To tempt her to leave him, and come to his bed;
He offer'd her jewels, and baubles, and rings;
But she slighted his offers, refus'd his gay things.

He told her, he'd make her as fine as a queen,
Her gown should be silk, and her cap colberteen;
But she said, Linsey-woolsey and bone-laced would
serve,
And rather than please him she'd venture to starve.
He told her, he'd give her a pad to ride out,
Or a coach, if she lik'd it, to travel about;
She thank'd him, but said, she could very well walk,
And shou'd she have a coach, how the neighbours
wou'd talk.

He said, For the neighbours, he'd make it his care,
That not even the parson on Sundays should dare
To censure her conduct or offer to blame
Her manner of living, or blast her good name.

She told him, In short, he must e'en be content,
 For jewels or gold shou'd ne'er bribe her consent;
 Her heart was another's, and so shou'd remain,
 And she scorn'd to be false for the lucre of gain.

S O N G 92.

DEAR Colin, prevent my warm blushes,
 Since how can I speak without pain;
 My eyes have oft told you my wishes,
 Oh! can't you their meaning explain:
 My passion would lose by expression,
 And you too might cruelly blame;
 Then don't you expect a confession
 Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speaking,
 Why should you expect it from me?
 Our wishes should be in our keeping,
 'Till you tell us what they should be:
 Then quickly why don't you discover,
 Did your heart feel such tortures as mine?
 I need not tell over and over,
 What I in my bosom confine.

S O N G 93.

HIS ANSWER.

DEAR Madam, when ladies are willing,
A man must needs look like a fool ;
For me, I would not give a shilling,
For one that can love out of rule :
At least you should wait for our offers,
Nor snatch like old maids in despair ;
If you've liv'd to these years without proffers,
Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at your meaning,
And not speak the matter too plain ;
'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
And yours to affect a disdain :
That you're in a terrible taking,
By all your fond oglings I see ::
The fruit that will fall without shaking,
Indeed, is too mellow for me.

S O N G 94.

THE WANDERER, by Mr RAE.

Tune, The maid that's made for love and me.

O GENTLE shepherds, saw ye pass,
As tripping o'er the flow'ry grass,

A beauteous maid as fair as snow,
As nimble as the winds that blow.

Whose looks are sweet, and gay her mein,
All graceful as the Cyprian queen,
Black as the flocks her sparkling eyes,
Where little Cupid basking lyes.

Whose sprightly wit's beyond compare
Her graceful turns of thought declare ;
Whose face and breast still more combine,
To tell mankind that she's divine.

The t'other morn the rogue surpris'd
My heart, of danger unadvis'd ;
Now, conscious of my fate, she roves
In quest of other sportive loves.

In vain, ye swains, shall I pursue
The fair, if uninform'd by you ;
Then ye, whose breasts compassion move,
O ! tell me where to find my love.

And ye, bright Nymphs, too, lend your aid
To punish an unconstant maid ;
Ah ! seize the little wand'ring toy,
The source of envy, source of joy.

S O N G 95.

MAIDENS, let your lovers languish,
If you'd have them constant prove;
Doubts, and fears, and sighs, and anguish,
Are the chains that fasten love.

Jocky woo'd, and I consented,
Soon as e'er I heard his tale;
He, with conquest quite contented,
Boasting, rov'd around the vale.

Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

Now he doats on scornful Molly,
Who rejects him with disdain;
Love's a strange bewitching folly,
Never pleas'd without some pain.

Maidens, let your lovers, &c.

S O N G 96.

THE BLISSFUL LOVER:

Tune.—The Spinning Wheel.

OH! frown no more on me, my dear,
Nor let your looks be so severe;

But one kind glance on me bestow,
Or send me to the shades below.
By heaven! my heart is all your own;
O! slight me not, nor let me moan;
But turn once more, my dear, be kind,
And let me your affections bind.

Ye Gods! how happy now am I,
That have such sweetness in my eye?
At last, with smiles you've met my fears,
And now at length my spirit cheers.
No mortal sure was e'er so blest'd,
O! let me now my dear caress;
Those charming eyes doth me delight,
And breasts, no driven snow so white.

Nature in you hath lavish been,
To exceed all I e'er have seen:
O! let me clasp thy slender waist,
And now, my dear, one kind embrace:
My trembling hands, my pulse beats high,
I'm sure the happy minute's nigh;
O! hide thy blushes in my breast,
Prepare, my dear, to meet the rest.

His soothing tongue so charm'd the maid,
That she gave ear to all he said:
He kiss'd, and press'd, and she caress'd,
And now, she thought, securely blest:

But after all the pleasing toy,
That human person could enjoy,
He left the girl to moan her fate,
And she repents, when 'tis too late.

S O N G 97.

WHAT'S THAT TO YOU.

Tune.—The Glancing of her Apron.

MY Jeany and I have toil'd
The live-lang simmer-day,
'Till we, amais't, were spoil'd
At making of the hay :
Her curchy was of Holland clear,
Ty'd on her bonny brow ;
I whisper'd something in her ear ;
But what's that to you ?

Her stockings were of kersey green,
As tight as ony silk ;
O sic a leg was never seen,
Her skin was white as milk :
Her hair was black, as aye cou'd wish,
And sweet, sweet was her mou' :
Oh ! Jeany daintily can kiss ;
But what's that to you.

The rose and lily baith combine,
To make my Jeany fair,
There is nae benifon like mine,
I have amaisht nae care;
Only I fear my Jeany's face,
May cause mae men to rue,
And that may gar me say, Alas!
But what's that to you?

Conceal thy beauties, if thou can
Hide that sweet face of thine,
That I may only be the man
Enjoys these looks divine.
O do not prostitute, my dear,
Wonders to common view,
And I with faithful heart shall swear,
For ever to be true.

King Solomon had wives enew,
And mony a concubine;
But I enjoy a blifs mair true,
His joys were short of mine;
And Jeany's happier than they,
She seldom wants her due;
All debts of love to her I pay,
And what's that to you!



S O N G 98.

SAY, lovely peace, that grac'd our isle,
 Why you withdraw th' indulgent smile?
 Is it you fly the sons of fame,
 That they the pride of France may tame?
*For Mars is rous'd to war's alarms,
 And calls the Britons forth to arms.*

Our chiefs, renown'd upon the main,
 Once more in arms shine forth again,
 Whose steady courage dares oppose
 And stem the pow'r of Gallic foes:
For Mars, &c.

What state but does its fate deplore,
 Where'er the British thunders rore?
 All, all must in subjection bow?
 And to Britannia's sons 'tis due:
For Mars, &c.

As Rome of old her terrors hurl'd,
 And prov'd the mistress of the world,
 The globe itself must subject be
 To Albion's sons, who rule the sea:
For Mars, &c.

Arise, arise, to war's great call;
 Prepare to meet the audacious Gaul;

And in return for all your toils,
Return with victory and spoils :

For Mars, &c.

S O N G 99.

Tune, ROSLIN-CASTLE.

CELIA ! see the season smiling,
See what splendor decks the green ;
Ev'ry flow'r, in beauty blooming,
Tends to grace the rural scene.
See ! in yonder verdant valley,
How the lambskins heedless stray ;
Blythsome now they rove at freedom,
Frisk and frolick all the day.

View around the chearful village ;
See ! how smiles the jocund swain ;
Happy he ! no cares perplex him,
Gentle Flora soothes each pain.
Let us haste to yonder arbour,
Where the fairest flow'rets spring ;
There, we'll hear the blackbird chanting,
And the linnet sweetly sing.

S O N G 100.

AT setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of Heav'n thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee :
I'll visit oft the birken bush,
Where first you kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid my blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.

To all our haunts thou didst repair,
By green-wood, shaw, or fountain ;
Or where the summer's day I'd share
With you upon yon mountain :
There will I tell the trees and flow'rs,
With thoughts unfeign'd and tender .
By vows you're mine, my love is yours,
My heart, which cannot wander.

S O N G 101.

HE'S AYE A KISSING ME.

I WINNA marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee,
I winna marry ony man but Sandy o'er the lee ;

I winna hae the dominee, for good he canna' be;
 But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the lee;
 For he's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me,
 He's aye a-kissing, kissing, aye a-kissing me.

I winna hae the minister, for a' his godly looks,
 Nor yet will I the lawyer hae, for a' his wylie
 crooks;

I winna hae the ploughman-lad, nor yet will I the
 miller,

But I will hae my Sandy lad, without ae penny filler.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

I winna hae the fodger lad, for he gangs to the
 war,

I winna hae the sailor-lad, because he smells o' tar;

I winna hae the lord nor laird, for a' their meikle
 gear,

But I will hae my Sandy lad, my Sandy o'er the
 miez.

For he's aye a kissing, &c.

S O N G 102.

TO ease his heart, and own his flame,
 Blithe Jockey to young Jenny came;
 But, tho' she lik'd him passing weel,
 She careless turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Her milk-white hand he did extol,
And prais'd her fingers long and small :
Unusual joy her heart did feel ;
But still she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

Then round about her slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and her embrac'd ;
To kiss her hand he down did kneel :
But yet she turn'd her spinning-wheel.

With gentle voice she bid him rise,
He bless'd her neck, her lips, and eyes :
Her fondness she could scarce conceal ;
Yet still she turn'd her spinning wheel.

'Till bolder grown, so close he press'd,
His wanton thought she quickly guess'd ;
Then push'd him from her rock and reel,
And angry turn'd her spinning-wheel.

At last, when she began to chide,
He swore he meant her for his bride :
'Twas then her love she did reveal,
And flung away her spinning-wheel.

SONG 103.

The New SPINNING-WHEEL.

ONE summer eve, as Nancy fair,
Sat spinning in the shade,

While soaring sky-larks shook the air,
In warbling o'er her head :
In tender coos the pigeons woo'd ;
(Love's impulse all must feel)
She sung, but still her work pursu'd,
And turn'd her spinning-wheel.

" While thus I work with rock and reel,
" So life by time is spun ;
" And as runs round my spinning wheel,
" The world runs up and down :
" Some rich to-day, to-morrow low,
" While I no changes feel,
" But get my bread by sweat of brow,
" And turn my spinning-wheel.

" From me let men and women too,
" This home-spun lesson learn,
" Not mind what other people do,
" But eat the bread they earn :
" If none were fed (were that to be)
" But what deserv'd a meal,
" Some ladies then as well as me,
" Must turn the spinning-wheel."

The rural toast, with sweetest tone,
Thus sung her witless strain,
When o'er the lawn limp'd gammar Joan,
And brought home Nancy's swain :

"Come," cries the dame, "Nancy here's thy spouse,
 "Away throw rock and reel:"
 Blyth Nancy, with the bonny news,
 O'erfet her spinning-wheel.

S O N G 104.

JEMMY AND NANNY.

Set by Dr. ARNE, and sung at Marybone Gardens.

WHEN innocent pastime our pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green meadow or under a tree,
 E'er Nanny became a fine lady in town,
 How lovely and loving and bonny was she:
 Rouze up in the morning my beautiful Nanny,
 Let no new whim take thy fancy from me,
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Favour thy Jemmy, favour thy Jemmy,
 Favour thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

Can the death of a linnet give Nanny the spleen,
 Can losing of trifles a heart-aching be,
 Can lap-dogs and monkeys draw tears from those een,
 That look with indiff'rence on poor dying me:
 Rouze up thy reason, my beautiful Nanny,
 Scorn to prefer a vile parrot to me;
 Oh! as thou art bonny, be faithful as any,
 Think on thy Jemmy, think on thy Jemmy,
 Think on thy Jemmy who doats upon thee.

O think my dear charmer on ev'ry sweet hour,
 That slide away softly between thee and me,
 E're squirrels and beaux and their fopp'ry had pow'r,
 To rival my love and impose upon thee :
 Rouze up thy reason my beautiful Nanny,
 Let thy desires be all center'd in me,
 Oh ! as thou art bonny, be prudent as any,
 Love thy own Jemmy, love thy own Jemmy,
 Love thy own Jemmy who doats upon thee.

SONG 105.

Sung in THE MAID OF THE MILL.

ODDS my life ! search England over,
 If you match her in her station,
 I'll be bound to fly the nation ;
 And be sure as well I love her.

Do but feel my heart a beating,
 Still her pretty name repeating :
 Here's the work 'tis always at,
 Pitty, patty, pat, pit, pat,

When she makes the music tinkle,
 What on earth can sweeter be !
 Then her little eyes so twinkle,
 'Tis a feast to hear and see.

S O N G 106.

ALL I ASK OF MORTAL MAN.

THE wanton god who pierces hearts,
Dips in gall his pointed darts,
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.
 Rosy wine, rosy wine,
 Who bathes the wound with rosy wine.

Farewel, Lovers, when they're cloy'd;
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.
 Sure they're free, sure they're free,
 To rid me of dull company.

They have their charms while mine can please,
I love them much, but more my ease;
Jealous fears me ne'er molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.
 Break my rest, break my rest,
 Nor faithless vows shall break my rest.

Why should they ever give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain?
All I hope of mortal man,
Is to love me while he can.
 While he can, while he can,
 Is to love me while he can.

S O N G 107.

LET us drink and be merry, dance, joke, and
rejoice,
With claret, canary, theorbo, and voice;
The changeable world to our joys are unjust,
And all pleasure's ended, when we are in dust.
In mirth let us spend our spare hours and our pence,
For we shall be past it an hundred years hence.

The butterfly courtier, that pageant of state,
The mouse-trap of honour, and May-game of fate;
For all his ambition, his freaks, and his tricks,
He must die like a bumpkin, and fall into Styx:
His plot against death's but a slender pretence;
Who'll take his place from him an hundred years
hence?

The beautiful bride, who with garlands is crown'd,
And kills with each glance as she treads on the
ground;
Her glittering dress does cast such a splendor,
As if none were fit but the stars to attend her;
Altho' she is pleasant and sweet to the sense,
She'll be d—ble mouldy an hundred years hence.

The right-hearted soldier, who's a stranger to
fear,
Calls up all his spirits when danger is near;

He labours and fights, great honour to gain,
And certainly thinks it will ever remain ;
But virtue and courage prove in vain a pretence,
To flourish his standard an hundred years hence.

The merchant who ventures his all on the main,
Not doubting to grasp what the Indies contain,
He buzzes and bustles, like a bee in the spring,
Yet knows not what harvest the autumn will bring ;
Tho' fortune's great queen should load him with
pence,
He'll ne'er reach the market an hundred years
hence.

The rich bawling lawyer, who by fools wrang-
ling strife,
Can spin out a suit to the end of a life ;
A suit which the client does wear out in slav'ry,
Whilst the pleader makes conscience a cloak for his
knav'ry ;
Tho' he boasts of his cunning, and brags of his
sense,
He'll be *non est inventus* an hundred years hence.

The plush-coated quack, who, his fees to enlarge,
Kills people by licence, and at their own charge ;
He builds up fair structures with ill-gotten wealth,
By the dregs of a piss pot, and ruins of health :
By the treasures of health he pretends to dispense,
He'll be turn'd into mummy an hundred years
hence.

The meagre-chop'd us'rer, who on hundreds
gets twenty,
But starves in his wealth, and pines in his plenty,
Lays up for a season he never will see,
The year of one thousand nine hundred and three:
He must change all his houses, his lands, and his
rents,
For a worm-eaten coffin an hundred years hence.

The learned divine, with all his pretensions
To knowledge superior, and heavenly mansions;
Who lives by the tithe of other folks labour,
Yet expects that his blessing be receiv'd as a favour;
Tho' he talks of the spirit, and bewilders our sense,
Knows not what will come of him an hundred
years hence.

The poet himself, who so loftily sings,
And scorns any subject but heroes or kings,
Must to the capricio of fortune submit,
Which will make a fool of him, in spite of his wit;
Thus health, wealth and beauty, wit, learning
and sense,
Must all come to nothing an hundred years hence.

Why should we turmoil then in cares and in
fears,
By converting our joys into sighs and to tears?
Since pleasures abound, let us ever be tasting,
And drive away sorrow, while vigour is lasting,

We'll kiss the brisk damsels, that we may from
thence
Have brats to succeed us an hundred years hence.

The true-hearted mason, who acts on the square,
And lives within compass, by rules that are fair;
Whilst honour and conscience, approve all his
deeds,
As virtue and prudence directs, he proceeds,
With friendship and love, discretion and sense,
Leaves a pattern for brothers, an hundred years
hence.

S O N G 108.

HODGE of the Mill, and buxom NELL.

YOUNG Roger of the mill,
One morning very soon,
Put on his best apparel,
New hose and clouted shoon:
And he a-wooing came
To bonny buxom Nell,
Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me!
I like thee wondrous well.

My horses I have drefs'd,
And gi'en them corn and hay,

Put on my best apparel;
And having come this way,
Let's sit and chat a while
With thee, my bonny Nell:
Dear lass, cries he, cou'dst fancy me,
I'fe like thy person well.

Young Roger, you're mistaken,
The damsel then reply'd,
I'm not in such a haste,
To be a ploughman's bride:
Know I then live in hopes
To marry a farmer's son;
If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go,
Sweet mistress I have done.

Your horses you have dress'd,
Good Hodge, I heard you say,
Put on your best apparel,
And being come this way;
Come sit and chat a while.
"O! no indeed, not I,
"I'll neither wait, nor sit, nor prate,
I've other fish to fry."

Go take your farmer's son,
With all my honest heart:
What tho' my name be Roger,
That goes at plough and cart?
I need not tarry long,
I soon may gain a wife:

There's buxom Joan, it is well known,
She loves me as her life.

Pray, what of buxom Joan?
Can't I please you as well?
For she has ne'er a penny,
And I am buxom Nell:
And I have fifty shillings.
(The money made him smile.)
Oh! then, my dear, I'll draw a chair,
And chat with thee a while.

Within the space of half-an hour,
This couple a bargain struck;
Hoping that, with their money,
They both would have good luck.
To your fifty I've forty,
With which a cow we'll buy;
We'll join our hands in wedlock-bands,
Then who but you and I?

SONG 109.

GENTLY touch the warbling lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast;
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lyes,
 (Nature's verdant velvet bed,)
 Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
 Forming pillows for her head :
 Zephyrs waft their odours round,
 And indulging whispers found.

S O N G 110.

In Imitation of the foregoing.

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast,
 Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
 In the dreeping-pan a toast ;
 That my hunger may remove ;
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser, see, it lyes :
 Oh ! the charming white and red.
 Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
 On the sweetest grass it fed :
 Swiftly make the jack go round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean :
 Pickles get of every sort,
 And a sallad crisp and green ;

Then with small beer and sparkling wine,
O! ye gods! how I shall dine.

S O N G I I I .

I'M NOT IN THE MIND.

YOUNG Strephon address'd me politely one day,
And warmly desir'd I'd be kind,
I fillily blush'd, and had nothing to say,
But Sir, I'm not in the mind.

Well, not quite discourag'd, he rally'd once more,
And hop'd better usage to find;
He vow'd he'd be constant, and sigh, and adore,
But then, I was not in the mind.

The man having courage assaulted again,
And begg'd I'd be better inclin'd;
I wonder, says I, at those impudent men,
I tell you, I'm not in the mind.

There's fate in old numbers, as gipsies report,
By fatal experience I find:
The youth went to seek him a mistress at court,
And soon found a girl in the mind.

How can I recall him, alas! 'tis in vain,
To ev'ry kind look he'll be blind:
Ye virgins, be wise, nor when too late complain,
But take the good man in the mind.

S O N G 112.

IN PRAISE OF THE TOWN OF HADDINGTON.

By a young Gentleman.

O WORTHY HADDINGTON ! unrivall'd town,
 For honour in an age corrupted shown ;
 While o'er fair CALERONIA's fruitful soil
 Each Royal Borough falls a venial spoil,
 While ev'n EDINA's once unblemish'd breast
 Is by the violating monster prest ;
 Do thou, untouch'd, and, self defended, stand,
 A beauteous pattern to a purchas'd land.

Tho' malice may thy conduct now defame,
 And slaves of power thy honest zeal may blame ;
 Fear not the justice of thy cause should fail,
 For everlasting truth will still prevail :
 The time shall come, Oh ! may it soon arrive,
 That to thy choice shall lasting praises give ;
 That shall repay in equitable coin
 The wrongs of GLASGOW's Magistrates and thine.

Still may you flourish, HADDINGTON, and thrive,
 And all thy honest Sons in plenty live ;
 May wealth within thy walls for ever wait,
 May peace and freedom guard your friendly gate :
 Long may true patriots rule your happy gown,
 Long keep your chastity of fair renown,
 Long boast the prize of faith and virtue won,
 And give a title to a HAMILTON.

S O N G 113.

Tune, THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

POOR Strephon distracted 'twixt hope and despair
For Chloris, so lovely, so youthful and fair ;
He kiss'd and embrac'd her, and often did say,
My dearest sweet Chloris, pray here with me stay.

In haste she reply'd, my dear Strephon, be gone,
For if we're espied, I am quite undone ;
For my parents forbid all my passion for you,
So generous Strephon for ever adieu.

Our parents may couple, but they can't make love,
My passion is stronger, it springs from above ;
For tho' I had lov'd you at my parents desire,
It neither had added nor ta'en from the fire.

You love me ; I fly you, though I love you as much,
But dare not avow it, my fate it is such ;
But I'll live a Platonic as chaste as desire,
And Chloris' affection shall never expire.

I am quite transported to think that you love,
But the living without you these comforts remove ;
For I'm no Platonic, I soar not so high,
I grasp at the substance, must have it or die.



SONG 114.

Tune, Tell me, tell me, charming creature.

CRUEL creature, can you leave me?

Can you then ungrateful prove?

Did you court me to deceive me,

And to slight my constant love?

False! ungrateful! thus to woo me,

Thus to make my heart a prize;

First to ruin and undo me,

Then to scorn and tyrannize.

Shall I send to heav'n my pray'r?

Shall I all my wrongs relate?

Shall I curse the dear betrayer?

No, alas! it is too late.

Cupid, pity my condition,

Pierce this unrelenting swain;

Hear a tender maid's petition,

And restore my love again.

SONG 115.

SEE! the conquering hero comes;

Sound the trumpets, beat the drums:

Sports prepare, the laurel bring;

Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the god-like youth advance,
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance ;
Myrtle wreaths and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

S O N G 116.

Sung in HARLEQUIN'S INVASION.

COME, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year :
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as we sons of the waves ?

*Heart of oak are our ships, heart of oak are our
men ;*

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady,

We'll fight, and we'll conquer, again and again.

We ne'er see our foes, but we wish them to stay ;
They never see us, but they wish us away ;
If they run, why, we follow, and run them ashore ;
For if they won't fight us, what can we do more ?

Heart of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children, and beaux ;
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Heart of oak, &c.

We'll still make them run, and we'll still make
them sweat.

In spite of the devil, and Brussels Gazette :
Then cheer up, my lads, with one voice let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king.

Heart of oak, &c.

S O N G 117.

AS Celia near a fountain lay,
Her eye-lids clos'd with sleep;
The shepherd Damon chanc'd that way
To drive his flock of sheep.

With awful step h' approach'd the fair,
To view her charming face,
Where ev'ry feature wore an air,
And ev'ry part a grace.

His heart inflam'd with amorous pain,
He wish'd the nymph would wake,
Tho' ne'er before was any swain
So unprepar'd to speak.

While slumb'ring thus poor Celia lay,
Soft wishes fill'd her mind;
She cry'd, Come Thyrsis, come away,
For now I will be kind.

Damon embrac'd the lucky hit,
And flew into her arms ;
He took her in the yielding fit,
And rifl'd all her charms.

SONG 118.

Tune, The Spinning-Wheel.

ATTEND, ye swains, where'er ye shove,
And hear the thirling notes of love ;
Nor chide the passion while it stands
On her that ev'ry grace commands.

Not the embellishments of May
Look half so pleasant, or so gay ;
Yea ev'ry rose must yield its hue,
And lilies fade beneath the dew.

Wit flows from her engaging tongue,
Serene as age, and quick as young ;
Engaging nymph seems form'd to prove
Superior arts in raging love.

Let every joy that strikes the mind,
Secure to me this treasure bind ;
On us let Heav'n its blessings roll,
Nor sep'rate Annie from my soul.

S O N G 119.

THE BEER-DRINKING BRITONS.

Sung at Ranelagh. Set by DR. ARNE.

YE true honest Britons, who love your own land,
 Whose fires were so brave, so victorious and free,
 Who always beat France when they took her in
 hand,

Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me;
 Come join, honest Britons, in chorus with me.

*Let us sing our own treasures, old England's
 good shear,*

*The profits and pleasures of stout British beer;
 Your wine tipling, dram-sipping fellows, re-
 treat.*

*But your beer-drinking Britons can never be
 beat.*

But your, &c.

The French with their vineyards are meagre and
 pale,

They drink of the squeezings of half-ripen'd
 fruit;

But we who have hop-grounds to mellow our ale,
 Are rosy and plump, and have freedom to boot.

Let us sing, &c.

Shou'd the French dare invade us, thus arm'd
with our poles,
We'll bang their bare ribs, make their lantern-
jaws ring ;
For your beef-eating, beer-drinking Britons are
souls,
Who will shed their last drop for their Country
and King.

Let us sing, &c.

S O N G 120.

Sung in the PADLOCK.

SAY, little foolish flatt'ring thing,
Whither, ah ! whither would thou wing
Your airy flight ;
Stay here, and sing,
Your mistress to delight.
No, no, no,
Sweet Robin, you shall not go :
Where, you wanton, could you be,
Half so happy as with me ?

S O N G 121.

JOCKEY TO THE FAIR.

'T WAS on the morn of sweet May-day,
When Nature painted all things gay,

Taught birds to sing and lambs to play,
And gild the meadows fair ;
Young Jockey, early in the morn
Arose, and tript it o'er the lawn ;
His Sunday's coat the youth put on,
For Jenny had vow'd away to run
With Jockey to the Fair ;

For Jenny had vow'd, &c.

The chearful parish bells had rung,
With eager steps he trudg'd along,
With flow'ry garlands round him hung,
Which shepherds us'd to wear ;
He tapt the window, Haste, my dear ;
Jenny impatient cried, Who's there ?
'Tis I, my love, and no one near,
Step gently down, you've nought to fear,
With Jockey to the Fair ;

Step gently down, &c.

My dad and mammy's fast asleep,
My brother's up, and with the sheep ;
And will you still your promise keep
Which I have heard you swear ;
And will you ever constant prove ;
I will by all the Powers above,
And ne'er deceive my charming dove,
Dispel those doubts, and haste my love
With Jockey to the Fair ;

Dispel those doubts, &c.

Behold the ring, the shepherd cry'd,
Will Jenny be my charming bride ;
Let Cupid be our happy guide,
And Hymen meet us there :
Then Jockey did his vows renew,
He wou'd be constant, wou'd be true ;
His word was pledg'd, away she flew,
With cowslips tipt with balmy dew,
With Jockey to the Fair ;

With cowslips tipt, &c.

In raptures meet the joyful train,
Their gay companions blyth and young,
Each join the dance, each join the throng,
To hail the happy pair ;
In turns there's none so fond as they,
They bless the kind propitious day,
The smiling morn of blooming May,
When lovely Jenny run away
With Jockey to the Fair ;

When lovely Jenny, &c.

S O N G 122.

Sung by MR FAWCET, at Richmond.

Set by MR HOOK.

COME, rouse brother sportsmen, the hunters
all cry,
We've got a strong scent, and a favouring sky ;

The horn's sprightly notes, and the lark's early
song,
Will chide the dull sportsmen for sleeping so long :

Bright Phœbus has shewn us a glimpse of his face,
Peep'd in at our windows, and call'd to the chase ;
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,
And makes the fields blush with the beams of his
ray.

Sweet Molly may tease you, perhaps, to lie down,
And if you refuse her, perhaps she may frown ;
But tell her that love must to hunting give place,
For as well as her charms, there are charms in
the chase.

Look yonder, look yonder, old Reynard I spy,
At his brush nimbly follow brisk Chanter and Fly ;
They seize on their prey, see his eye-balls they roll,
We're in at the death—now let's hometo the bowl.

There we'll fill up our glasses, and toast to the King,
From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring :
To George, peace and glory may Heaven dispense,
And fox hunters flourish ten thousand years hence.



S O N G 123.

Tune, Young I am, and fore afraid.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
How to make a lover yield :
How to keep, or how to gain ;
When to love, and when to feign.

Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true ;
Ere I do my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not 'till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray :
He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a janty mein,
I should long to be fifteen.

S O N G 124.

Sung in LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

HOW happy were my days till now !
I ne'er did sorrow feel ;

With joy I rose to milk my cow,
Or take my spinning-wheel.

My heart was lighter than a fly,
Like any bird I sung,
'Till he pretended love, and I
Believ'd his flatt'ring tongue.

O! the fool, the filly, filly fool,
That trusts what man may be;
I wish I was a maid again,
And in my own country.

S O N G 125.

Sung in a new Farce called BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

Tune, Then why should we quarrel for riches?

Captain Briton shakes hands with his Crew, and then,
standing in the midst of them, sings,

COME, the mates of my fortune, be cheary,
No distress should the sailor alarm,
As the needle be true, and ne'er fear ye,
I'll warrant we'll weather the storm.
*Then why should we dread any dangers
From France and her whole Gallic train,
British seamen to fear ever strangers,
Since George rides the lord of the main.*

We'll shew that our English spirit
The same in each climate can be ;
This still be our comfort and merit,
That yet in our hearts we are free.

Then why, &c.

At the helm may they ever prove steady,
To steer us a course that is right,
Proud France then shall down with the ready,
They shall either refund or shall fight.

Then why, &c.

No dastardly thoughts then admitting,
With true loyal hearts we shall sing,
Heav'n prosper the arms of Old Britain,
And the honour protect of our King.

Then why, &c.

S O N G 126.

Sung in BRITONS STRIKE HOME.

Captain *Briton* placing his Men on each side of him, sings,

COME, my lads, with souls besitting,
Let us never be dismay'd,
Let's avenge the wrongs of Britain,
And support her injur'd trade.

The true spirit of the nation
In our honest hearts we bring,
True, tho' in an humble station,
To our country and our King. CHORUS.

On our naval strength depending,
Let us steer Old England's course ;
When affronted vengeance sending,
Shew the world Old England's force :
Then loud peals of British thunder
Rattling on each hostile shore,
Shall make haughty France knock under,
Nor shall dare insult us more. CHORUS.

Then through all the mighty ocean
England's cross shall honour find,
Far as wave can feel a motion,
Far as flag can move with wind :
Then insulting monarchs, shewing
More regard, shall humbler be ;
This old truth of Britons knowing,
As they're brave they will be free. CHORUS.

May all English lads like you, boys,
Prove on shore true hearts of gold,
To their King and Country true, boys,
And be neither bought or sold.
Let the landmen without party
Act like brethren of the flood,
To our cause alone be hearty,
And that cause for Britain's good. CHORUS.

S O N G 127.

SCORNFU' NANSY.

NANSY's to the green wood gane,
To hear the gowdspink chatt'ring,
And Willie he has followed her,
To gain her love by flatt'ring:
But a' that he cou'd say or do,
She geck'd and scorned at him:
And ay when he began to woo,
She bid him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my dad, quoth he,
My minny or my aunty?
With croudy moudy they fed me,
Lang kail, and ranty tanty:
With bannocks of good barley-meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped flocks fu' butter'd well;
And was not that right dainty?

Although my father was nae laird,
'Tis daffin to be vaunty,
He keepit ay a good kail yard,
A ha' house and a pantry:
A good blew bonnet on his head,
An ourlay 'bout his craggy;
And ay until the day he dy'd,
He rade on good shanks naggy.

Now wae and wander on your snout,
Wad ye hae bonny Nanfy?
Wad ye compare yoursel to me,
A docken tull a tanfy?
I have a wooer of my ain,
They ca' him supple Sandy,
And well I wat his bonny mou'
Is sweet like sugar-candy.

Wow, Nanfy, what needs a' this din,
Do I not ken this Sandy?
I'm sure the chief of a' his kin,
Was Rob the beggar randy :
His minny Meg upo' her back
Bare baith him and his billy;
Will ye compare a nasty pack
To me, your winsome Willy?

My gutcher leav'd a good braid sword,
Tho' it be auld and rusty,
Yet ye may tak it on my word,
It is baith stout and trusty :
And if I can but get it drawn,
Which will be right uneasy,
I shall lay baith my lugs in pawn,
That he shall get a heezy.

Then Nanfy turn'd her round about,
And said, Did Sandy hear ye,
Ye wadna miss to get a clout,
I ken he disna fear ye :

Sae had your tongue and say nae mair,
Set some where else your fancy ;
For as lang's Sandy's to the fore,
Ye never shall get Nanfy.

S O N G 128.

ALL in the Downs the fleet was moor'd
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board ;
Oh ! where shall I my true-love find ?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William fails among the crew ?

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below ;
'The cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing hands,
And quick as light'ning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
(If chance his mate's shrill voice he hear)
And drops at once into her nest :
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

O! Sufan, Sufan, lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain,

Let me kifs off that falling tear,

We only part to meet again:

Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be

The faithful compass that still points at thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,

Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;

They'll tell, the sailors, when away,

In every port a mistress find:

Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,

For thou art present wherefoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,

Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,

Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,

Thy skin is ivory so white:

Thus every beauteous object that I view,

Wakes in my soul some charms of lovely Sue.

Tho' battles call me from thy arms,

Let not my pretty Sufan mourn;

Tho' cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,

William shall to his dear return:

Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,

Lest precious tears should drop from Sufan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,

The sails their swelling bosom spread,

No longer must she stay on board ;
 They kiss'd; she sigh'd; he hung his head:
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
 Adieu! she cries; and wav'd her lily hand.

S O N G 129.

Tune, He comes! he comes! the hero comes!

U NITE, unite, your voices raise;
 Loud, loudly sing Free-Masons' praise:
 Spread far and wide their spotless fame,
 And glory in the sacred name.

Behold, behold, the upright band,
 In Virtue's paths go hand in hand;
 They shun each ill, they do no wrong,
 Strict honour does to them belong.

How just, how just, are all their ways,
 Superior far to mortal praise;
 Their worth description far exceeds,
 For matchless are Free Masons' deeds.

Go on, go on, ye just and true,
 Still, still the same bright paths pursue;
 Th' admiring world shall on ye gaze,
 And friendship's altar ever blaze.

Begone, begone, fly discord hence,
 With party rage and insolence:
 Sweet peace shall bless this happy band,
 And freedom smile throughout the land.

S O N G 130.

GRANT us, kind Heav'n, what we request,
 In Masonry let us be blest;
 Direct us to that happy place
 Where Friendship smiles in every face:
 Where Freedom and sweet Innocence
 Enlarge the mind and cheer the sense.

Where scepter'd Reason, from her throne,
 Surveys the LODGE, and makes us one;
 And Harmony's delightful sway,
 For ever sheds ambrosial day:
 Where we blest Eden's pleasure taste,
 Whilst balmy joys are our repast.

No prying eye can view us here;
 No fool or knave disturb our cheer:
 Our well-form'd laws set mankind free,
 And give relief to Misery:
 The poor, oppress'd with woe and grief,
 Gain from our bounteous hands relief.

Our LODGE the social Virtues grace,
 And Wisdom's rules we fondly trace;

Whole Nature, open to our view,
Points out the paths we should pursue.
Let us subsist in lasting peace,
And may our happiness increase.

S O N G 131.

Sung in LOVE IN A VLLAGE.

HOPE ! thou nurse of young desire,
Fairy promiser of joy,
Painted vapour, glow-worm fire,
Tem'prate, sweet, that ne'er can cloy.

Hope ! thou earnest of delight,
Softest soother of the mind,
Balmy cordial, prospect bright,
Surest friend the wretched find.

Kind deceiver ! flatter still,
Deal out pleasures unpossess ;
With thy dreams my fancy fill,
And in wishes make me blest.

S O N G 132.

I AM a bachelor winsome,
A farmer by rank and degree,

And few I see that's mair handsome,
At kirk or at market than me :
I'm outside and inside in credit,
And frae ev'ry blemish I'm free ;
I'm very well boarded and beded,
Yet I can get nane to tak' me.

I've courted baith Highlands and Lawlands,
When I a good bargain cou'd see,
But there was nane that I cou'd fall on,
E'er said she wou'd buckle wi' me :
A horse to ride on when she's weary,
And cock wi' the best she can see,
And then be ca'd Dauty and Deary ;
What think you can ail her at me.

But, I have an offer to mak' her,
If that she will hearken to me,
Is, that I am willing to tak' her
Though cripple or blind e'er she be :
Let any one then write a billet,
And let her transmitt it to me,
I hereby engage to fulfil it,
Of what kind soever it be.

But, cripple I am not, forsta' me,
What though boud-footed I be ;
Nor blind have you reason to ca' me,
What though I see but wi' one eye :
These forty years I've been neglected,
As you the truth o't may see,

Such offers should not be rejected,
Of what kind soever they be.

In Edinburgh speir for Jean Bladen,
A little below the Cross Key,
And at the sign of the Old Maiden,
There you will be sure to find me.
Bring wi' you the priest o' the weddin',
That a' things just finish'd may be,
And I'll sing a sang to the beddin';
And wha'll be fae merry as we.

S O N G 133.

THE SOBER DRINKER.

Tune, *Old Sir Symon the King.*

COME, come, my hearts so bold,
Let us be merry and wise;
'Tis a very good proverb of old,
Suspicion has double eyes.
Whatever we say or do
Let's not drink to disturb the brain;
Let's laugh for an hour or two,
But never get drunk again:
*For much drink makes a man drunk,
And drunkenness makes a man dry,
And drouth will make a man sick,
And sickness you know makes us die.*

A glass of rum-punch is good
To drive the cold winter away ;
'Twill chear and enliven the blood
Most when a man's spirits decay :
But he that drinks too much,
Of his head will soon complain ;
So we'll have a gentle touch,
And never get drunk again :
For much drink, &c.

Good liquor was made for man,
But man was not made for it ;
Let's drink as long as we can,
While we drink not away our wit :
Good fellowship's often abus'd
When liquor affects the brain,
But we'll have it far better us'd,
For we'll never get drunk again :
For much drink, &c.

When with good fellows we meet,
A bowl among three or four
Will make us stand on our feet,
While fots lie drunk on the floor :
Then landlord come fill us a bowl,
And let it be liquor that's fine ;
'Twill chear and enliven the soul,
And we'll never get drunk again.
For much drink, &c.

Let's drink to our noble KING,
 And to the QUEEN of his heart ;
 To their praise let's drink and sing,
 And be merry before we part :
 Let's drink to our *Admiral*,
 And all our brave *Tars* on the main ;
 To our *Soldiers* and *Officers* all ;
 But let's never get drunk again.

For much drink, &c.

Enough's as good as a feast,
 If men did but measure know ;
 But a sot is worse than a beast,
 For he'll drink 'till he cannot go :
 Since we cannot pastime recal
 In a tavern that's spent in vain,
 Let's learn to be sober all,
 And never get drunk again.

For much drink, &c.

S O N G 134.

THE MAID IN BEDLAM.

Tune, GRAMACHREE.

ONE morning, very early, one morning in the
 Spring,
 I heard a maid in Bedlam who mournfully did sing ;
 Her chain she rattled in her hand, while sweetly
 thus sung she,
 I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! cruel were his parents, who sent my love to sea;
And cruel cruel was the ship that bore my love
from me;

Yet I love his parents, since they're his, altho'
they've ruin'd me,
And I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O! should it please the pitying Pow'rs to call
me to the skies,
I'd claim a guardian angel's charge around my
love to fly,
To guard him from all dangers, how happy should
I be!

For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

I'll make a strawy garland, I'll make it wondrous
fine,
With roses, lilies, daisies, I'll mix the eglantine;
And I'll present it to my love, when he returns
from sea,
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

O! if I were a little bird, to build upon his breast;
Or if I were a nightingale, to sing my love to rest;
To gaze upon his lovely eyes, all my reward should be;
For I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

Oh! if I were an eagle, to soar into the sky,
I'd gaze around with piercing eyes where I my
love might spy;

But ah ! unhappy maiden ! that love you ne'er
shall see,
Yet I love my love, because I know my love loves me.

S O N G 135.

THE HONEST FELLOW. Set by Dr ARNE.

PHO ! Pox o' this nonsense, I prithee give o'er,
And talk of your Phillis and Chloe no more ;
Their face, and their air, and their mein, what a
rout !

Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about ;
Here's to thee, my lad, push the bottle about.

Let finical fops play the fool and the ape ;
They dare not confide in the juice of the grape :
But we honest fellows—'sdeath ! who'd ever think
Of pulling for love, while he's able to drink ?
Of pulling, &c.

'Tis wine, only wine, that true pleasure bestows ;
Our joys it encreases, and lightens our woes ;
Remember what toppers of old us'd to sing,
The man that is drunk, is as great as a king ;
The man, &c.

If Cupid assaults you, there's law for his tricks ;
Anacreon's Cafes, see page twenty six :

The precedent's glorious, and just by my soul;
Lay hold on, and drown the young dog in a bowl;
Lay hold, &c.

What's life but a frolic, a song, and a laugh?
My toast shall be this, whilst I've liquor to quaff;
May mirth and good fellowship always abound;
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round;
Boys, fill up a bumper, and let it go round.

SONG 136.

COME to my arms, my treasure
Thou spring of all my joy,
Without thy aid all pleasure
Must languish, fade, and die.
In vain is all resistance,
When arm'd with thy assistance,
What fair one can deny?
Then fill around the glasses,
And thus we'll drink and chant,
May all the dear kind lasses
Have and they wish or want.

S O N G 137.

THE BRAES OF BALLENDEN.

By Dr. Blacklock.

BENEATH a green shade, a lovely young swain,
Ae ev'ning reclin'd to discover his pain ;
So sad, yet so sweetly he warbled his woe,
The wind ceas'd to breathe, and the fountains to
flow ;
Rude winds, wi' compassion, cou'd hear him com-
plain,
Yet Chloe, less gentle, was deaf to his strain.

How happy, he cry'd, my moments once flew,
E'er Chloe's bright charms first flash'd in my view ;
Those eyes then, wi' pleasure, the dawn cou'd survey,
Nor smil'd the fair morning mair chearfu' than they ;
Now scenes of distress please only my sight,
I'm tortur'd in pleasure, and languish in light.

Thro' changes, in vain, relief I pursue,
All, all but conspire my griefs to renew ;
From sunshine to zephyrs and shades we repair,
To sunshine we fly from too piercing an air :
But love's ardent fever burns always the same ;
No winter can cool it, no summer inflame.

But see the pale moon, all clouded, retires,
The breezes grow cool, not Strephon's desires :

I fly from the dangers of tempest and wind,
 Yet nourish the madness that preys on my mind ;
 Ah, wretch ! how can life be worthy thy care ?
 To lengthen its moments, but lengthens despair.

S O N G 138.

Sung at RANELAGH.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and
 my pride,

I always have boasted, and seek not to hide ;
 I dwell on her praises, where-ever I go ;
 They say I'm in love, but I answer, No, no ;
They say, I'm in love, but I answer, No, no.

At ev'ning oft times, with what pleasure I see
 A note from her hand, " I'll be with you at tea !"
 My heart how it bounds when I hear her below !
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;
But say, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo its strain ;
 Again, I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny, again :
 I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I could grow ;
 But say not 'tis love, for I answer, No, no ;
But say, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits on my knee :
 I chide her, and swear she's an angel to me ;
 My shoulder she taps, and still bids me think so :
 Who knows but she loves, tho' she answers, No, no ;
Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit, and good humour, how I
 Should prudence advise, and compel me to fly :
 Thy bounty, O Fortune, make haste to bestow,
 And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No ;
And let me deserve her, or still I'll say, No.

SONG 139.

CORN RIGS ARE BONNY.

MY Patie is a lover gay,
 His mind is never muddy,
 His breath is sweeter than new hay,
 His face is fair and ruddy.

His shape is handsome, middle size ;
 He's stately in his wa'king ;
 The shining of his een surprise ;
 'Tis heav'n to hear him ta'king.

Last night I met him on a baw,
 Where yellow corn was growing.

There mony a kindly word he spak',
That set my heart a glowing.

He kifs'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And hoo'd me best of ony ;
That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're wanting,
Since we for yielding are design'd,
We chastely should be granting :

Then I'll comply and marry Pate,
And syne my cockernony
He's free to touzle air or late
Where corn rigs are bonny.

S O N G 140.

THE DESPAIRING SHEPHERDESS.

Tune.—If love's a sweet passion, &c.

ON a bank's flow'ry verge, beside a clear brook,
A fair shepherdess sat, in her hand was her crook ;
Her dog, by her side, lay at ease on the ground ;
And her flocks overspread the green pastures a-
round :

But the tears from her eyes in pure riv'lets they
flow'd,
Whilst her breast with these accents rapturously
glow'd :

O ! why cruel Fate from my arms did ye tear
My faithful young shepherd, ever constant and
dear ?

And force him away to a distance so far,
'Midst the direful alarms of outrageous war !
There he'll basely be mangl'd or inhumanly slain,
And my shepherd, dear shepherd ! I'll ne'er see
again.

Ye woods and ye groves, where often we've stray'd,
Whilst our lambs frisk'd their gambols, and spor-
tively play'd ;

Where first my young swain made to me known
his love,

And swore ever constant and true he would prove :
Now in vain your trees bud, they all flourish in
vain,

Since my shepherd, dear shepherd ! I'll ne'er see
again.

Ye cool shady bow'rs and sweet-scented alcoves ;
And ye songsters, who chant your gay notes in
the groves ;

Ye high water falls, and smooth serpentine streams ;
Rural subjects for lovers, for them pleasing themes :

All your beauties displease me, your music gives
pain,
Since my shepherd, dear shepherd! I'll ne'er see
again.

No more will my swain gladden yon lonely vale;
Nor no more will his music dance on the fresh gale:
His pipe was so pleasing and soft in the grots,
That linnets, to listen, oft dropt their sweet notes:
But I'm left, with the turtle, to mourn and com-
plain,
For my shepherd, dear shepherd! I'll ne'er see again.

SONG 141.

WATER, parted from the sea,
May increase the river's tide,
To the bubbling fount may flee,
Or through fertile vallies glide:
Though in search of soft repose,
Through the land 'tis free to roam,
Still it murmurs as it flows,
Panting for its native home.

S O N G 142.

THE HIGHLAND MARCH.

By Sir Harry Erskine.

IN the garb of old Gaul wi' the fire of old Rome,
From the heath cover'd mountains of Scotia we
come,

Where the Romans endeavour'd our country to gain,
But our ancestors fought, and they fought not in vain.

*Such our love of liberty, our country and our laws,
That like our ancestors of old, we stand by free-
dom's cause ;*

*We'll bravely fight like heroes bold, for honour and
applause,*

*And defy the French, with all their art, to alter
our laws.*

No effeminate customs our sinews unbrace,
No luxurious tables enervate our race,
Our loud sounding pipe bears the true martial strain,
So do we the old Scottish valour retain.

Such our love, &c.

We're tall as the oak on the mount of the vale,
As swift as the roe which the hound doth assail,
As the full moon in autumn our shields do appear,
Minerva would dread to encounter our spear.

Such our love, &c.

As a storm in the ocean when Boreas blows,
So are we enrag'd when we rush on our foes ;

We sons of the mountains, tremendous as rocks,
Dash the force of our foes with our thundering
strokes.

Such our love, &c.

Quebec and Cape Breton, the pride of old France,
In their troops fondly boasted till we did advance;
But when our claymores they saw us produce,
Their courage did fail, and they su'd for a truce.

Such our love, &c.

In our realm may the fury of faction long cease,
May our councils be wise, and our commerce in-
crease;

And in Scotia's cold climate may each of us find,
That our friends still prove true, and our beauties
prove kind.

*Then we'll defend our liberty, our country, and
our laws,*

*And teach our late posterity to fight in Freedom's
cause,*

*That they like our ancestors bold, for honour and
applause,*

*May defy the French and Spaniards to alter
our laws.*



S O N G 143.

To the Tune of, My apron deary.

MY sheep I neglected, I lost my sheep-hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I forsook,
Nae mair for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I said, would soon cure me of love.

O what had my youth with ambition to do ?

Why left I Amynta ? why broke I my vow ?

O gi' me my sheep, and my sheep-hook restore,

I'll wander frae love and Amynta no more.

Through regions remote in vain do I rove,
And bid the wild ocean secure me from love !
O fool ! to imagine that ought can subdue
A love so well founded, a passion so true.

O what had my youth, &c.

Alas ! 'tis o'er late at thy fate to repine ;
Poor shepherd, Amynta nae mair can be thine :
Thy tears are a' fruitless, thy wishes are vain,
The moments neglected return not again.

O what had my youth, &c.

S O N G 144.

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae.

GIN ye meet a bonny lassie,
Gi'e her a kiss and let her gae ;

But if ye meet a dirty hussy,
Fy gar rub her o'er wi' frae:
Be sure ye dinna quit the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay you twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blyth and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while 'tis May,
Gae pu' the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.
Watch the fast minutes of delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath,
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kepp ony skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll, smiling, say,
Ye'll worry me ye greedy rook;
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersel' in some dark nook.
Her laugh will lead you to the place
Where lyes the happiness you want,
And plainly tell you to your face,
"Nineteen nay-says are half a grant."

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss:
Frae her fair finger whoop a ring,
As taiken of a future bliss.
These bennifons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods indulgent grant;

Then, furly carls, whish't, forbear
To plague us wi' your whinning cant.

S O N G 145.

To the Tune of, Rule, Britannia.

WHEN earth's foundation first was laid,
By the Almighty Artift's hand,
'Twas then our perfect, our perfect laws were made,
Established by his strict command.

*Hail Myfterious ; hail, glorious Mafonry !
That makes us ever great and free.*

As man throughout for shelter fought,
In vain from place to place did roam,
Until from heaven, from heaven he was taught
To plan, to build, to fix his home.

Hail, Myfterious, &c.

Hence illuftrious rofe our Art,
And now in beauteous piles appear,
Which fhall to endlefs, to endlefs time impart,
How worthy and how great we are.

Hail, Myfterious, &c.

Nor we lefs fam'd for every tye,
By which the human thought is bound ;

Love, truth, and friendship, and friendship socially
Join all our hearts and hands around.

Hail, Mysterious, &c.

Our actions still by virtue blest,
And to our precepts ever true,
The world admiring, admiring shall request
To learn, and our bright paths pursue.

Hail, Mysterious, &c.

S O N G 146.

HAY'S BONNY LASSIE.

BY smooth-winding Tay a swain was reclining,
Aft cry'd he, Oh hey! maun I still live pining
Myself thus away, and darna discover
To my bonny Hay that I am her lover?

Nae mair it will hide, the flame waxes stronger;
If she's not my bride, my days are nae longer;
Then I'll tak' a heart, and try at a venture,
May be, e'er we part, my vows may content her.

She's fresh as the Spring, and sweet as Aurora,
When birds mount and sing, bidding day a good-
morrow;
The swaird of the mead, enamell'd with daisies,
Looks wither'd and dead when twin'd of her graces.

But if she appear where verdure invites her,
The fountains run clear, and flowers smell the
sweeter ;

'Tis heaven to be by when her wit is a-flowing,
Her smiles and bright eye set my spirits a-glowing.

The mair that I gaze, the deeper I'm wounded,
Struck dumb with amaze, my mind is confounded,
I'm all in a fire, dear maid to carefs ye,
For a' my desire is Hay's bonny lassie.

S O N G 147.

HE that will not merry merry be,
With a gen'rous bowl and a toast,
May he in Bridewell be shut up,
And fast bound to a post :
*Let him be merry merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here ;
For who can know, where we shall go,
To be merry another year ?*

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he b'obliged to drink small beer,
Ne'er a penny into his purse ;
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,

May he be plagu'd with a scolding wife,
To confound him with her noise:

Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With his mistress in his bed,
Let him be buried in the church-yard,
And me put in his stead.

Let him be merry, &c.

S O N G 148.

THE HIGHLAND LASSIE.

THE lawland maids gang trig and fine,
But aft they're four and unco sawcy;
Sae proud, they never can be kind,
Like my good-humour'd highland lassie.
*O my bonny, bonny highland lassie,
My hearty smiling highland lassie,
May never care make thee less fair,
But bloom of youth still bless my lassie.*

Than ony lads in Burrows-town,
Wha mak' their cheeks with patches mottie,
I'd tak' my Katty butt a gown,
Bare-footed in her little coatie.

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the brier or brecken bush,
Whene'er I kifs and court my dawtie;

Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
My flighteren heart gangs pittie pattie.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest hethery hills I'll stee,
With cockit gun and ratches tenty,
To drive the deer out of their den,
To feast my lads on dishes dainty.
O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by deed or word,
'Gainst her to wag a tongue or finger,
While I can wield my trusty sword,
Or frae my side whisk out a whinger.
O my bonny, &c.

The mountains clad with purple bloom,
And berries ripe, invite my treasure
To range with me; let great fowk gloom,
While wealth and pride confound their pleasure.
O my bonny, &c.

S O N G 149.

I wish my Love were in a Myre.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,

And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak and sweetly smile!

'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost:

My bosom glow'd; the subtle flame
Ran quick through all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung:

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd,
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

S O N G 150.

GALLOWSHIELS.

AH the shepherd's mournful fate!

When doom'd to love, and doom'd to languish,
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,
Nor dare disclose his anguish!
Yet eager looks and dying sighs,
My secret soul discover,

While rapture trembling through mine eyes,
Reveals how much I love her:

The tender glance, the red'ning cheek,
O'erspread with rising blushes,
A thousand various ways they speak,
A thousand various wishes.
For oh! that form so heavenly fair,
Those languid eyes so sweetly smiling;
That artless blush, and modest air,
So fatally beguiling.

Thy every look, and every grace,
So charm' whene'er I view thee,
Till death o'ertake me in the chace,
Still will my hopes pursue thee.
Then when my tedious hours are past,
Be this last blessing given,
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,
And die in sight of heaven.

S O N G 151.

Love is the Cause of my Mourning.

BY a murmuring stream a fair shepherdess lay,
Be so kind, O ye nymphs, I oft-times heard her
say,

Tell Strephon I die, if he passes this way,
And that love is the cause of my mourning.

False shepherds, that tell me of beauty and charms,
You deceive me, for Strephon's cold heart never
warms;

Yet bring me this Strephon, let me die in his arms,
Oh Strephon! the cause of my mourning.

But first, said she, let me go down to the shades
below,
Ere ye let Strephon know that I have lov'd him so;
Then on my pale cheek no blushes will show,
That love was the cause of my mourning.

Her eyes were scarce closed when Strephon came
by;
He thought she'd been sleeping and softly drew
nigh:
But finding her breathless, Oh heav'ns! did he cry,
Ah Chloris! the cause of my mourning.

Restore me my Chloris, ye nymphs, use your art,
They, sighing, reply'd, 'Twas your eyes shot the
dart,
That wounded the tender young shepherdess' heart,
And kill'd the poor Chloris with mourning.

Ah then is Chloris dead, wounded by me! he said;
I'll follow thee, chaste maid, down to the silent
shade,
Then on her cold snowy breast, leaning his head,
Expir'd the poor Strephon with mourning.

S O N G 152.

THE MERRY BACCHANALIANS.

Tune, The merry-ton'd horn.

JOLLY souls that are gen'rous and free,
And true vot'ries to Bacchus will be,
To great Bacchus' Shrine let's repair,
And a bottle or two offer there.

*Exempt from excise, our joys higher rise,
Still drinking, ne'er thinking of what is to pay;
Our bottle at night gives us joy and delight,
And drowns all the drowsy fatigues of the day.*

Let the griping old usurer pine,
Let the lover call Phillis divine,
Let each man what he fancies commend,
My delight's in my bottle and friend.

Exempt from, &c.

O what joy from the bottle there springs,
It can make us greater than kings;
If our spirits by grief are oppress'd,
Wine alone can procure us some rest.

Exempt from, &c.

Great influence has wine over love,
And the coy can make kinder to prove;
Tho' the nymph very slighting denies,
It discovers the truth in her eyes.

Exempt from, &c.

It can make us all heroes in brief,
 And the wretched forget all his grief;
 It inspires the gallant and brave,
 And freedom can give to the slave.

Exempt from, &c.

S O N G 153.

THE DRUNKEN WIFE O' GALLOWA'.

DOWN in yon meadow a couple did tarry,
 The goodwife she drank naething but sack and
 Canary,

The goodman he complain'd to her friends right
 airly,

O! gin my wife wad drink hooly and fairly.

First she drank Crommy, and syne she drank Garie,
 And syne she drank the bonny grey marie,
 That carried me thro' the dubs and and the larie;

O! gin, &c.

She drank her hose, she drank her shoon,
 And syne she drank her bonny new gown;
 She drank her fark that cover'd her rarely,

O! gin, &c.

Wad she drink her ain things, I wadna care,
 But she drinks my claihs I canna weel spare;
 When I'm wi' my gossips it angers me fairly,

O! gin, &c.

My Sunday's coat she has laid it a wad,
The best blue bonnet e'er was on my head :
At kirk and at market I'm cover'd but barely.

O ! gin, &c.

My bonny white mittens I wore on my hands,
Wi' her neighbour's wife she has laid them in pawns,
My bane headed staff that I loo'd so dearly.

O ! gin, &c.

I never was for wrangling nor strife,
Nor did I deny her the comforts of life,
For when there's a war, I'm ay for a parley.

O ! gin, &c.

When there's ony money, she maun keep the purse ;
If I seek but a bawbie, she'll scold and she'll curse ;
She lives like a queen, I scrimped and sparely.

O ! gin, &c.

A pint wi' her cummers I wad her allow,
But when she sits down, she gets herself fu',
And when she is fu' she is unco camstarie.

O ! gin, &c.

When she comes to the street, she roars and she rants,
Has no fear of her neighbours, nor minds the house
wants ;

She rants up some fool sang, like, *Up your heart,*
CHARLIE.

O ! gin, &c.

When she comes hame, she lays on the lads,
And lasses she ca's them baith b—s and j—s,
And ca's mysel' ay an auld cuckold carlie.

O! gin, &c.

S O N G 154.

WILLIE's drown'd in YARROW.

WILLIE's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bony,
And Willie hecht to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.

Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter-night
I'll ly twin'd of my marrow.

O came you by yon water-side?
Pu'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw ye my sweet Willie?

She fought him east, she fought him west,
She fought him braid and narrow;
Syne in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

S O N G 155.

YOUNG Strephon, I own, is the joy of my heart;
I love the dear youth, he's so lively and smart;
His converse is pleasing, he's manly and gay,
And his breath is as sweet as the flowers in May.
When he sings his love-strains, all the swains in
a throng,
In raptures are seen with my shepherd's soft song,
While the nymphs all around me with envy survey,
Because Strephon hails me the Queen of the May.

But love without jealousy reigns on my part,
For, as well as the May, I'm the queen of his heart;
Such joy and delight does his constancy bring,
Without envy I'd look on the state of a king.
T' other day for my head he a chaplet entwin'd,
Of roses and myrtles, and jonquills combin'd;
I gave him a kiss for the favour, 'tis true,
And how could I help it—I only ask you?

You'll say I was forward, and greatly to blame,
What girl for such favour would not do the same?
For t'will not be long before Strephon and I,
Shall join hands and hearts in one sacred tie.
Then, sure, when the church has performed its rites,
And we firmly fixed in Hymen's delights,
For his faith and his troth, to bind all our bliss,
You'll surely allow—'tis my duty to kiss.

S O N G 156.

Sung at RANELAGH.

AS Colin rang'd early one morning in spring,
To hear the wood's choristers warble and sing;
Young Phœbe he saw supinely was laid,
And thus in sweet melody sung the fair maid;
And thus, &c.

Of all my experience how vast the amount,
Since fifteen long winters I fairly can count!
Was ever poor damsel so sadly betray'd,
To live to these years, and yet still be a maid;
To live, &c.

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and by sea,
Sworn vot'ries to love yet unmindful of me;
Of prowess approv'd of no dangers afraid,
Will you stand by like dastards, and see me a maid?
Will you, &c.

Ye counsellors sage, who, with eloquent tongue,
Can do what you please with right and with wrong,
Can it be or by law or by equity said,
'That a comely young girl ought to die an old maid?
That a comely, &c.

Ye learned physicians, whose excellent skill
Can save or demolish, can heal or can kill;

To a poor forlorn damsel contribute your aid,
Who is sick, very sick, of remaining a maid ;
Who is sick, &c.

Ye fops, I invoke not to list to my song,
Who answer no end, and to no sex belong :
Ye echoes of echo, and ye shadows of shade ;
For if I had you, I might still be a maid ;
For if, &c.

Young Colin was melted to hear her complain,
Then whisper'd relief, like a kind hearted swain ;
And Phœbe, well pleas'd , is no longer afraid
Of being neglected, and dying a maid ;
Of being neglected, and dying a maid.

S O N G 157.

The Rock and wee Pickle Tow.

THERE was an auld wife had a wee pickle tow,
And she wad gae try the spinning o't,
But louten her down, her rock took a low,
And that was an ill beginning o't :
She lap and she grat, she flet and she flang,
She trow and she drew, she ringled, she rang,
She choaked, she bocked, and cried, Let me hang,
That ever I try'd the spinning o't.

I hae been a wife these threescore of years,
And never did try the spinning o't ;
But how I was farked fowl fa' them that spiers,
For it minds me o' the beginning o't :
The women now a-days are turned fae bra',
That ilka ane maun hae a fark, some maun hae twa,
But the warld was better when feint ane ava,
But a wee rag at the beginning o't.

Foul fa' them that e'er advis'd me to spin,
For it minds me o' the beginning o't,
I might well have ended as I had begun,
And never had try'd the spinning o't :
But they say she's a wisef wife wha kens her ain weird,
I thought ance a day it wad never be speir'd,
How loot you the low tak' the rock by the beard,
When you gaed to try the spinning o't ?

The spinning, the spinning, it gars my heart fab,
When I thing on the beginning o't ;
I thought ance in a day to have made a wab,
And this was to 'ave been the beginning o't :
But had I nine daughters, as I hae but three,
The safest and soundest advice I wad gie,
That they frae spinning wad keep their hands free,
For fear o' an ill beginning o't.

But in spite of my counsel if they wad needs run,
The dreary sad task o' the beginning o't,
Let them seek out a loun place at the heat of the sun,
Syne venture on the beginning o't ;

For, O do as I've done, alake and vow,
To busk up a rock at the cheek of a low,
They'd say, that I had little wit in my pow,
And as little I've done wi' the spinning o't.

S O N G 158.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

I HAE a green purse and a wee pickle gowd,
A bonny piece land, and planting on't,
It fattens my flocks, and my barns it has stow'd ;
But the best thing of a's yet a wanting on't :
To grace it, and trace it, and gi'e me delight,
To blefs me, and kifs me, and comfort my fight,
With beauty by day, and kindness by night,
And nae mair my lane gang faunt'ring on't.

My Chirsty is charming, and good as she's fair ;
Her eea and her mouth are enchanting sweet ;
She smiles me on fire, her frowns gi'e despair ;
I love while my heart gaes panting wi't.
Thou fairest and dearest delight of my mind,
Whose gracious embraces by Heav'n were design'd
For happiest transports, and blisses refin'd,
Nae langer delay thy granting sweet.
For thee, bonny Chirsty, my shepherds and hynds,
Shall carefully make the year's dainties thine ;

Thus freed frae laigh care, while love fills our minds
 Our days shall with pleasure and plenty shine.
 Then hear me, and chear me with smiling consent,
 Believe me, and give me no cause to lament,
 Since I ne'er can be happy till thou say, Content,
 I'm pleas'd with my Jamie, and he shall be mine.

S O N G 159.

Tak your auld Cloak about you.

IN Winter when the rain rain'd cauld,
 And frost and snaw on ilka hill,
 And Boreas, wi' his blasts sae bald,
 Was threat'ning a' our ky to kill :
 Then Bell, my wife, wha lo'es nae strife,
 She said to me right hastily,
 Get up goodman, save Cromy's life,
 And tak' your auld cloak about ye.

O Bell, why dost thou flyte and scorn ?
 Thou kenst my cloak is very thin :
 It is so bare and overworn,
 A cricke he thereon cannot rin :
 Then I'll nae langer borrow nor lend,
 For ance I'll new apparel'd be,
 To-morrow I'll to town and spend,
 For I'll hae a new cloak about me.

My Cromie is an useful cow,
And she is come of a good kine ;
Aft has she wet the bairns' mou,
And I am laith that she shou'd tyne ;
Get up, goodman, it is fou time,
'The sun shines in the lift sae hie :
Sloth never made a gracious end,
Gae tak' your auld cloak about ye.

My cloak was anes a good grey cloak,
When it was fitting for my wear :
But now its scanty worth a groat,
For I hae worn't this threty year ;
Let's spend the gear that we hae won,
We little ken the day we'll die :
Then I'll be proud, since I hae sworn
To hae a new cloak about me.

In days when our King Robert rang,
His trews they cost him ha'f-a-crown ;
He said they were a groat o'er dear,
And ca'd the taylor thief and lown ;
He was the King that wore a crown,
And thou'rt a man of laigh degree,
'Tis pride puts a' the country down,
Sae tak' thy auld cloak about thee.

Ev'ry land has its ain lough,
Ilk kind of corn it has its hool ;

I think the warld is a' run wrang,
When ilka wife her man wad rule ;
Do ye not see Rob, Jock and Hab,
As they are girded gallantly,
While I sit hurklen in the ase ?
I'll hae a new cloak about me.

Goodman, I wat 'tis threty years
Since we did ane anither ken ;
And we hae had between us twa,
O' lads and bonny lasses ten :
Now, they are women grown and men,
I wish and pray well may they be ;
And if you prove a good husband,
E'en tak' your auld cloak about ye.

Bell, my wife, she lo'es nae strife ;
But she wad guide me if she can,
And to maintain an easy life,
I aft maun yield, tho' I'm goodman :
Nought's to be won at woman's hand,
Unless ye gi'e her a' the plea ;
Then I'll leave aff where I began,
And tak' my auld cloak about me.



S O N G 160.

THE BLYTHSOME BRIDAL.

*F*r let us a' to the bridal,
 For there will be liltin' there,
 For Jock's to be marry'd to Maggie,
 The lass wi' the gowden hair ;
 And there will be lang-kail and porridge,
 And bannocks of barley-meal,
 And there will be good fa't herring,
 To relish a cogue of good ale.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Sawney the souter,
 And Will wi' the meikle mou :
 And there will be Tam the blutter,
 With Andrew the tinker, I trow ;
 And there will be bow'd-leg'd Robie,
 With thumbless Katie's goodman ;
 And there will be blue cheeked Dobbie,
 And Lawrie, the laird of the land.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fowlibber Patie,
 And plucky-fac'd Wat i' th' mill,
 Caper-nos'd Francie, and Gibbie
 That wons in the how o' the hill ;
 And there will be Alaster Sibby,
 Wha in wi' black Bessy did mool,

With sniv'ling Lilly and Tibby,
The lass that stands aft on the stool.

Fy let us, &c.

And Madge that was buckl'd to Steeny,
And cost him grey breeks to his arse,
Wha after was hangit for stealing,
Great mercy it happen'd nae warse :
And there will be gleed Geordy Janners,
And Kirsh wi' the lily white leg,
Who gade to the South for manners,
And bang'd up her wame in monsmeg.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be Juden Macclourie,
And blinkin daft Barbara Macleg,
Wi' flea-lugged sharmey-fac'd Lawrie,
And shangy mou'd halucket Meg.
And there will be happier-ars'd Nanfy,
And fair fac'd Florie by name,
Muck Madie, and fat-hippet Girsy,
The lass wi' the gowden wame.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be girn-again Gibby,
Wi' his glaikit wife Jenny Bell,
And measly-shin'd Mungo Macapie,
The lad that was skipper himsel' :
There lads, and lasses in pearlins,
Will feast i' the heart of the ha',

On sybows, and rifarts, and carlings,
That are baith foddan and raw.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be fadges and brochen,
With fouth of good gabbock of skate,
Powfowdie, and drammock, and crowdie,
And caller nowt-feet in a plate.
And there will be partens and buckies,
And whytens and spaldings enew,
And singit sheep-heads and a haggies,
And feadlips to sup till ye spew.

Fy let us, &c.

And there will be lapper'd-milk kebbucks,
And sowens, and farles, and baps,
With fwats and well scraped paunches,
And brandy in stoups and in caps :
And there will be meal-kail and castocks,
And skink to sup till ye rive ;
And roasts to roast on a brander
Of flowks that were taken alive.

Fy let us, &c.

Scrypt haddocks, wilks, dulse and tangles,
And a mill of good fnishing to prie ;
When weary with eating and drinking,
We'll rise up and dance till we die.

Fy let us, &c.

SONG 161.

THE FRUGAL MAID.

I AM a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I bear a contented mind ;
I am a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I'll find another more kind :
For, altho' I be forsaken,
Yet, this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was so ill provided
But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

I own that once I lov'd him,
But his scorn I could never endure ;
Nor yet to that height of perfection,
For his flights to love him the more :
I own he was very engaging,
Yet this I would have you to know,
I ne'er was so ill provided,
But I'd two or three strings to my bow.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
And are unto loving inclin'd,
Mens minds they are subject to changing,
And wavering like to the wind ;
Each object creates a new fancy :
Then this I would have you to do ;
Be easy and free, and take pattern by me,
And keep two or three strings to your bow.

S O N G 162.

THE last time I came o'er the muir,
I left my love behind me ;
Ye Pow'rs! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me ?
Soon as the ruddy morn display'd
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chasteely sporting.
We kiss'd and promis'd time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
Ev'n kings when she was nigh me ;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which cou'd but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me,
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me :
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my care at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter ;

Since she excels in ev'ry grace,
 In her my love shall center.
 Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
 Their waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next time I gang o'er the muir,
 She shall a lover find me ;
 And that my faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me :
 Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
 My heart to her fair bosom ;
 There, while my being does remain,
 My love more fresh shall blossom.

S O N G 163.

THE TURNIMSPIKE.

HERSELL pe Highland shentleman,
 Pe auld as Pothwel prig, man ;
 An' mony alterations seen
 Amang te Lawland Whig, man.

Fal, la!, &c.

First when her to the Lawlands cam',
 Nainsell was driving cows, man :
 There was nae laws about him's nerse,
 About the preeks or trows, man.

Nainfell did wear the philabeg,
The plaid prick't on her shoulder;
The guide claymore hung pe her pelt,
The pistol sharg'd wi' powder.

But for whereas these cursed preeks,
Wherewith her nerse pe lockit,
O hon! that e'er she saw the day!
For a' her houghs pe prokit.

Every t'ing in te Highlands now
Pe turn't to alteration;
The fodger dwell at our toor sheek,
And tat's te great vexation.

Scotland be turn't a Ningland now,
An' laws pring on te cadger:
Nainfell wad durk her for her deeds,
But oh she fears te fodger.

Anither law cam' after that,
Me never saw te like, man:
They mak' a lang road on te crund,
And ca' him Turnimspike, man.

An' wow she pe a ponny road,
Like Louden corn rigs, man;
Where twa carts may gang on her,
An' no break ithers legs, man.

They sharge a penny for ilka horse,
In troth she'll no pe sheaper,

For naught put ga'n upo' the crund,
And they gie me a paper.

They tak' te horse t'en py te head,
And t'ere they mak' him stand, man;
I tell'd them that I seen te day
He had nae sic command, man.

Nae dou'ts Nainfell maun tra her purse,
And pay them what hims like, man;
I'll see a shugement on his toor,
T'at filthy Turnimspike, man.

But I'll awa to te Highland hills,
Where t'eil a ane dare turn her,
And no come near her Turnimspike,
Unless it pe to purn her.

S O N G 164.

KATHARINE OGIE.

AS walking forth to view the plain,
Upon a morning early,
While May's sweet scent did chear my brain,
From flow'rs which grew so rarely:
I chanc'd to meet a pretty maid,
She shin'd though it was foggy;

I ask'd her name ; Sweet Sir, she said,
My name is Katharine Ogie.

I stood a while, and did admire,
To see a nymph so stately ;
So brisk an air there did appear,
In a country-maid so neatly :
Such nat'ral sweetness she display'd,
Like a lillie in a boggie ;
Diana's self was ne'er array'd
Like this same Katharine Ogie.

Thou flow'r of females, Beauty's queen,
Who sees thee, sure must prize thee ;
Though thou art dress'd in robes but mean,
Yet these cannot disguise thee ;
Thy handsome air and graceful look,
Far excells any clownish rogie ;
Thou'rt match for laird, or lord, or duke,
My charming Katharine Ogie.

O were I but a shepherd swain !
To feed my flock beside thee,
At boughing time to leave the plain,
In milking to abide thee ;
I'd think myself a happier man,
With Kate, my club, and dogie,
Than he that hugs his thousands ten,
Had I but Katharine Ogie.

Then I'd despise th' imperial throne,
 And statesmen's dangerous stations;
 I'd be no king, I'd wear no crown,
 I'd smile at conqu'ring nations:
 Might I carefs and still possess
 This lass of whom I'm vogie;
 For these are toys, and still look less,
 Compar'd with Katharine Ogie.

But I fear the gods have not decreed
 For me so fine a creature,
 Whose beauty rare makes her exceed
 All other works in nature.
 Clouds of despair surround my love,
 That are both dark and foggy:
 Pity my case, ye pow'rs above,
 Else I die for Katharine Ogie.

SONG 165.

THE WAND'RING SAILOR.

Sung in the SUMMER AMUSEMENT.

THE Wand'ring Sailor ploughs the main,
 A competence in life to gain;
 Undaunted braves the stormy seas,
 To find at last content and ease:
*In hopes when toil and dangers o'er,
 To anchor on his native shore.*

When winds blow hard and mountains roll,
And thunders shake from pole to pole;
Though dreadful waves surrounding foam,
Still flatt'ring fancy wafts him home:

In hopes, &c.

When round the bowl the jovial crew,
The early scenes of youth renew;
Though each his fav'rite fair will boast,
This is the universal toast:

*May we, when toil and dangers o'er,
Cast anchor on our native shore.*

S O N G 166.

Tune, PINKY-HOUSE.

AS Sylvia in a forest lay,
To vent her woe alone;
Her swain, Sylvander, came that way,]
And heard her dying moan.
Ah! is my love, she said, to you
So worthless and so vain?
Why is your wonted fondness now
Converted to disdain?

You vow'd the light shou'd darkness turn,
E'er you'd exchange your love;
In shades now may creation mourn,
Since you unfaithful prove.

Was it for this I credit gave
To ev'ry oath you swore?
But ah! it seems they most deceive,
Who most our charms adore.

'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
The practice of mankind :
Alas! I see it, but too late,
My love had made me blind.
For you, delighted I could die;
But oh! with grief I'm fill'd,
To think that credulous constant I
Shou'd by yourself be kill'd.

This said————all breathless, sick and pale,
Her head upon her hand,
She found her vital spirits fail,
And senses at a stand.
Sylvander then began to melt;
But e'er the word was given,
The heavy hand of Death she felt,
And sigh'd her soul to Heaven.

S O N G 167.

MARY SEOT.

HAPPY's the love which meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal burn;

But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of Heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of Fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to marrow
Mary Scot the flower of Yarrow?

Ah no! her form's too heav'nly fair,
Her love the gods above must share;
While mortals with despair explore her,
And at distance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile:
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of Yarrow.

Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My Mary's tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine anguish,
She is too good to let me languish;
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When Mary Scot's become my marrow,
We'll make a paradise in Yarrow.

S O N G 163.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

'T WAS summer, and the day was fair,
Resolv'd a while to fly from care,

Beguiling thought, forgetting sorrow,
I wander o'er the braes of Yarrow ;
Till then despising beauty's power,
I kept my heart, my own secure ;
But Cupid's art did there deceive me,
And Mary's charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel love no bribe receive ?
No ransom take for Mary's slave ?
Her frowns of rest and hope deprive me ;
Her lovely smiles like light revive me.
No bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming fair :
This beauteous flower, this rose of Yarrow,
In Nature's garden has no marrow.

Had I of Heaven but one request,
I'd ask to ly in Mary's breast :
There would I live or die with pleasure,
Nor spare this world one moment's leisure ;
Despising kings and all that's great,
I'd smile at courts and courtier's fate ;
My joy compleat on such a marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such bliss I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my chain,
In hopes my faithful heart may move her ;
For leaving life I'll always love her.

What doubts distract a lover's mind ?
That breast, all softness, must prove kind ;
And he shall yet become my marrow,
The lovely beauteous rose of Yarrow.

S O N G 169.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Tune, The Bridegroom greets.

WHEN the sheep are in the fauld, and the ky
at hame,
And a the warld to sleep are gane ;
The waes of my heart fa's in showers frae my ee,
When my goodman lyes found by me.

Young Jemmy loo'd me well, and he fought me
for his bride,
But saving a crown he had naething beside ;
To mak' that crown a pund, my Jemmy gade
to sea,
And the crown and the pund were baith for me.

He had nae been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was
stoun awa' ;
My father brak' his arm, and my Jemmy at the sea,
And auld Robin Grey came a courting me.

My father cudna' work, and my mither cudna' spin,
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cudna' win ;

Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and w^h tears
in his ee,
Said, Jenny for their fakes, O marry me.

My heart it said nay, I look'd for Jemmy back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a
wreck,
The ship it was a wreck, why didna Jemmy die?
And why do I live to fay waes me?

Auld Robin argued fair, tho' my mither didna
speak,
She look'd in my face till my heart was like to
break,
So they gi'ed him my hand, tho' my heart was
in the sea,
And auld Robin Grey is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When sitting fae mournfully at the door,
I saw my Jemmy's wreath, for I cudna think it he,
'Till he said, I'm come back for to marry thee.

O fair did we greet, and muckle did we fay;
We took but ae kifs, and we tore ourselves away:
I wish I were dead but I'm no like to die;
And why do I live to fay waes me?

I gang like a ghaist, and carena to spin;
I darena think on Jemmy, for that wou'd be a sin;
But I'll do my best a gude wife to be,
For auld Robin Grey is kind unto me.



S O N G 170.

THE HIGHLAND LADDIE.

THE lawland lads think they are fine ;
But O, they're vain and idly gawdy !
How much unlike that gracefu' mein,
And manly looks of my highland laddie !
*O my bonny, bonny highland laddie,
My handsome charming highland laddie ;
May heav'n still guard, and love reward
Our lawland lads, and her highland laddie.*

If I were free at will to chuse,
To be the wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without trows,
With bonnet blue, and belted plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The brawest beau in burrow's-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him he's but a clown ;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and dady,
Frae winter's cauld, and summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and lady ;
 But I can kifs and be as glad,
 Behind a bush in's highland plaidy.

O my bonny, &c.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his plaidie.

O my bouny, &c.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heav'n preserves my highland laddie.

O my bouny, &c.

S O N G 171.

ETRICK BANKS.

ON Etrick banks, in a summer's night,
 At glooming when the sheep drave hame,
 I met my lassie braw and tight,
 Come wading barefoot a' her lane .
 My heart grew light, I ran, I flang
 My arms about her lily neck,
 And kifs'd and clapt her there fou lang,
 My words they were na mony feck.

I said, My lassie, will ye go
To the Highland hills, the Erse to learn ?
I'll baith gie thee a cow and ew,
When ye come to the brigg of Earn.
At Leith auld meal comes in, ne'er fash,
And herrings at the Broomy Law ;
Chear up your heart, my bonny lass,
There's gear to win we never saw.

All day when we have wrought enough,
When winter, frosts, and snaw begin,
Soon as the sun gaes west the loch,
At night when ye sit down to spin ;
I'll screw my pipes, and play a spring,
And thus the weary night we'll end ;
Till the tender kid and lamb-time bring
Our pleasant summer back again.

Syne when the trees are in their bloom,
And gowans glent o'er ilka field,
I'll meet my lass amang the broom,
And lead you to my summer shield.
Then far frae a' their scornfu' din,
That mak' the kindly hearts their sport,
We'll laugh, and kifs, and dance, and sing,
And gar the longest day seem short.



SONG 172.

JOLLY mortals, fill your glasses ;
Noble deeds are done by wine ;
Scorn the nymph and all her graces :
Who'd for love or beauty pine ?

Look upon this bowl that's flowing,
And a thousand charms you'll find,
More than in Chloe when just going,
In the moment to be kind.

Alexander hated thinking :
Drank about at council-board ;
Made friends, and gain'd the world by drinking,
More than by his conquering sword.

SONG 173.

OH ! lead me to some peaceful room,
Where none but honest fellows come,
Where wives loud clappers never sound,
But an eternal laugh goes round.

There let me drown in wine my pain,
And never think of home again :
What comfort can a husband have,
To rule the house where he's a slave ?

S O N G 74.

ALLOA HOUSE.

THE spring-time returns, and clothes the green
plains,

And Alloa shines more chearful and gay ;
The lark tunes his throat, and the neighbouring
swains

Sing merrily round me where ever I stray :
But Sandy nae mair returns to my view ;
Nae spring-time me cheers, nae music can charm ;
He's gane ! and, I fear me, for ever : adieu !
Adieu every pleasure this bosom can warm !

O Alloa-house ! how much art thou chang'd !
How silent, how dull to me is each grove !
Alane I here wander where ance we both rang'd,
Alas ! where to please me my Sandy ance strove !
Here, Sandy, I heard the tales that you tauld,
Here list'ned too fond whenever you sung ;
Am I grown less fair then, that you are turn'd
cauld ?

Or foolish, believ'd a false, flattering tongue ?

So spoke the fair maid, when Sorrow's keen pain,
And Shame, her last fault'ring accents suppress ;
For Fate at that moment, brought back her dear
swain,

Who heard, and, wi' pleasure, his Nelly address :

My Nelly ! my fair, I come ; O my love !
 Nae power shall thee tear again from my arms,
 And, Nelly, nae mair thy fond shepherd reprove.
 Who knows thy fair worth, and adores a' thy
 charms.

She heard ; and new joy shot thro' her fast frame,
 And will you, my Love ! be true ? she replied :
 And live I to meet my fond shepherd the same ?
 Or dream I that Sandy will make me his bride ?
 O Nelly ? I live to find thee still kind :
 Still true to thy swain, and lovely as true :
 Then adieu to a' sorrow ; what soul is so blind,
 As not to live happy for ever with you.

S O N G 175.

By D. A. WEBSTER.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

OH ! how cou'd I venture to love ane like thee,
 And you not despise a poor conquest like me ?
 On lords, thy admirers cou'd look wi' disdain,
 And knew I was naething, yet pitied my pain ?
 You said, while they teaz'd you with nonsense and
 drefs,
 When real the passion, the vanity's less ;
 You saw thro' that silence which others despise,
 And, while beaux were a-tauking, read love in my
 eyes.

O ! how shall I fault thee, and kiss a' thy charms,
'Till fainting wi' pleasure, I die in your arms :
Thro' a' the wild transports of ecstasy tost,
'Till sinking together, together we're lost !
Oh ! where is the maid that, like thee, ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit does enliven each dull pause of joy ;
And when the short raptures are all at an end,
From beautiful mistress turns sensible friend ?

In vain do I praise thee, or strive to reveal,
Too nice for expression, which only we feel.
In a' that you do, in each look and each mein,
Thy graces in waiting adorn you unseen,
When I see you, I love you ; when hearing adore :
I wonder, and think you a woman no more ;
'Till mad wi' admiring, I cannot contain,
And kissing your lips, you turn woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can I despair ?
I'll gaze on thy beauties, and look awa care :
I'll ask thy advice when with troubles oppress'd,
Which never displeases, but always is best.
In all that I write I'll thy judgment inquire ;
Thy wit shall correct what thy love did inspire :
I'll kiss thee, and press thee, till youth is all o'er,
And then live in friendship, when passion's no more.

SONG 176.

Tune.—Jolly Mortals, &c.

LET's be jovi^{al}, fill our glasses;
Madness 'tis for us to think,
How the world is rul'd by asses,
And the wise are sway'd by chink.

Then never let vain cares oppress us,
Riches are to them a snare,
We're ev'ry one as rich as Cræsus,
While our bottle drowns our care.

Wine will make us red as roses,
And our sorrows quite forget :
Come let us fuddle all our noses.
Drink ourselves quit out of debt.

When grim death is looking for us,
We're carousing o'er our bowls,
Bacchus joining in the chorus,
Cries, Death, begone! here's none but souls.

God like Bacchus thus commanding,
Trembling Death away shall fly,
Ever after understanding
Drinking souls can never die.

S O N G 177.

THE TEMPEST.

CEASE, rude Boreas, blust'ring railer,
Lift' ye landmen all to me ;
Mels-mates, hear a brother sailer,
Sing the dangers of the sea.
From bounding billows, first in motion,
When the distant whirlwinds rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
When the seas contend with skies.

Hark ! the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By top-sail sheets and hallyards stand ;
Down top-gallants, quick, be hauling,
Down your stay-sails, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee top-sail sheets let go ;
Looft, boys, loft, don't make wry faces,
Up your top-sails nimbly clew.

Now all you on down beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's arms,
Fresh enjoyment, wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms.
Around us roars the tempest louder ;
Think what fears our minds enthrall ;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain's call.

The topfail yards point to the wind, boys,
See all clear to reef each course;
Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
Tho' the weather shou'd be worse.
Fore and aft the spritsail-yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear;
Hands up, each preventure brace set,
Man the fore-yard; cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder's roaring!
Peals on peals contending clash!
On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes blue light'nings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above but one black sky!
Diff'rent deaths at once surround us:
Hark! what means yon dreadful cry?

The foremast's gone, cries ev'ry tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove deck!
A lake beneath the chestree's sprung out!
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, the lanniards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the well, the leak increases,
Four feet water's in the hold!

While, o'er the ship the wild waves beating,
We for wives and children mourn:
Alas! from hence there's no retreating,
Alas! to them there's no return!

Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd below !
Heav'n have mercy here upon us !
Only HE can save us now.

On the lee-beam is the land, boys,
Let the guns o'er board be thrown ;
To the pumps come ev'ry hand, boys,
See ! her mizzen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or more ;
Then up and rig a jury foremast,
She's tight, she's tight, boys, wear off shore.

Now, once more, on joys we're thinking,
Since kind Fortune fav'd our lives ;
Come, the cann, boys, let's be drinking
To our sweet-hearts, and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it ;
Close to lips the brimmer join.
Where's the tempest now ? who feels it ?
None ;—our danger's drown'd in wine.

SONG 178.

MAY-EVE, OR KATE OF ABERDEEN.

THE silver moon's enamour'd beam
Steals softly through the night,
To wanton in the winding stream,
And kiss reflected light.

To courts begone, heart-soothing sleep,
Where you've so seldom been ;
Whilst I my wakeful vigil keep
With Kate of Aberdeen.

The nymphs and swains expectant wait,
In primrose chaplets gay,
'Till morn unbars her golden gate,
And gives the promis'd May.
The nymphs and swains shall all declare,
The promis'd May, when seen,
Not half so fragrant, half so fair,
As Kate of Aberdeen.

I'll tune my pipe to playful notes,
And rouse yon nodding grove,
Till new-walk'd birds distend their throats,
And hail the maid I love.
At her approach the lark mistakes,
And quits the new-dress'd green :
Fond birds, 'tis not the morning breaks,
'Tis Kate of Aberdeen !

Now blithesome o'er the dewy mead,
Where elves disportive play,
The festal dance young shepherds lead,
Or sing their love-tun'd lay ;
Till May in morning robe draws nigh,
And claims a virgin queen,
The nymphs and swains exulting cry,
" Here's Kate of Aberdeen !"

S O N G 179.

THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

THE yellow-hair'd laddie sat down on yon brae,
Cries, milk the ewes, lassie, let nane of them gae;
And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
The yellow-hair'd laddie shall be my goodman.
And ay she milked, &c.

The weather is cauld, and my claithing is thin,
The ewes are new clipped, they winna bught in :
They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
O yellow-hair'd laddie, be kind to me.
They winna bught in, &c.

The goodwife cries butt the house, Jenny, come
ben,
The cheefe is to mak, and the butter's to kirn ;
Tho' butter, and cheefe, and a' shou'd four,
I'll crack and kifs wi' my love ae haff hour ;
It's ae haff hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
For the yellow hair'd laddie my husband shall be.

S O N G 180.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

IN April when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain ;

The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens where the hawthorn trees
grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his love's ev'ning and morn;
He sang with so fast and enchanting a sound,
That sylvens and fairies unseen danc'd around.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be
fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly cou'd sing;
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring.

That Madie in all the gay bloom of her youth,
Like the moon was unconstant, and never spoke
truth;
But Susie was faithful, good-humour'd, and free,
And fair as the goddess which sprung from the sea.

That mamma's fine daughter, with all her great
dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently fow'r;
Then, sighing, he wish'd, wou'd parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.



S O N G 181.

To the Tune of the foregoing.

Peggy.

WHEN first my dear laddie gade to the green
hill,
And I at ewe-milking first sey'd my young skill,
To bear the milk bowie nae pain was to me,
When I at the bughting forgather'd with thee.

Patie.

When corn rigs wav'd yellow, and blue hether-
bells
Bloom'd bonny on moorland and sweet rising fells,
Nae birns, briers, or brechens, ga'e trouble to me,
If I found the berries right ripen'd for thee.

Peggy.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the stane,
And came aff the victor, my heart was ay fain :
Thy ilka sport manlie ga'e pleasure to me ;
For nane can putt, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

Patie.

Our Jenny sings fastly *the Cowden-broom knows*,
And Rosie liltis sweetly *the milking the ewes* ;
There's few *Jenny Nettles* like Nancy can sing ;
At *throw the wood, laddie*, Befs gars our lugs ring ;

But when my dear Peggy sings, with better skill,
The Boatman, Tweedside, or the lass of the mill.
 'Tis many times sweeter and pleasant to me;
 Fortho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

Peggy.

How easy can lasses trow what they desire!
 And praises sae kindly increases love's fire:
 Give me still this pleasure, my study shall be,
 To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

S O N G 182.

Sung in THE GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Patie.

BY the delicious warmth of thy mouth,
 And rowing eye, which smiling tells the truth,
 I guess, my lassie, that as well as I,
 You're made for love, and why should ye deny?

Peggy.

But ken ye, lad, gin we confess o'er soon,
 Ye think us cheap, and syne the wooing's done:
 The maiden that o'er quickly tines her pow'r,
 Like unripe fruit will taste but hard and sow'r.

Patie.

But when they hing o'er lang upon the tree,
Their sweetness they may tine, and sae may ye:
Red cheeked you compleatly ripe appear,
And I have thol'd and woo'd a lang ha'f year.

Peggy.

Then dinna pu' me; gently thus I fa'
Into my Paty's arms for good and a';
But flint your wishes to this frank embrace,
And mint nae farther till we've got the grace.

Patie.

O charming armsfu' ! hence, ye cares, away,
I'll kiss my treasure a' the live-lang day ;
A' night I'll dream my kisses o'er again,
'Till that day come that ye'll be a' my ain.

CHORUS.

*Sun, gallop down the westlin skies,
Gang soon to bed, and quickly rise:
O lash your steeds, post time away,
And haste about our bridal day :
And if ye're wearied, honest light,
Sleep, gin ye like, a week, that night.*



SONG 183.

PATY'S MILL.

THE las of Paty's mill,
So bonny. blyth, and gay,
In spite of all my skill,
Hath stole my heart away.
When tedding of the hay
Bare headed on the green,
Love 'midst her locks did play,
And wanton'd in her een.

Her arms, white, round, and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn,
To age it would give youth,
To press 'em with his hand :
Through all my spirits ran
An extasy of blifs,
When I such sweetness fand
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers which grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart,
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd.
Her looks they were so mild,
Free from affected pride,
She me to love beguil'd,
I wish'd her for my bride.

O had I all that wealth
Hoptoun's high mountain's fill,
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasures at my will ;
I'd promise and fulfil,
That none but bonny she,
The lass of Paty's mill,
Shou'd share the same with me.

S O N G 184.

Wat ye wha I met yestreen?

NOW wat ye wha I met yestreen,
Coming down the street, my jo?
My mistress in her tartan screen,
Fow bonny, braw, and sweet, my jo:
My dear. quoth I, thanks to the night,
That never wish'd a lover ill,
Since ye're out of your mither's sight,
Let's take a wa'k up to the hill.

O Katy, wiltu' gang wi' me,
And leave the dunsome town a while?
The blossom's sprouting frae the tree,
And a' the simmer's gaw'n to smile:
The mavis, nightingale, and lark,
The bleating lambs, and whistling bind,

In ilka dale, green, shaw, and park,
Will nourish health, and glad ye'r mind.

Soon as the clear goodman of day,
Bends up his morning-draught of dew,
We'll gae to some burn-side and play,
And gather flowers to bask ye'r brow:
We'll pou the daisies on the green,
The lucken gowans frae the bog;
Between hands now and then we'll lean,
And sport upo' the velvet fog.

There's up into a pleasant glen,
A wee piece frae my father's tow'r,
A canny, soft, and flow'ry den,
Where circling birks have form'd a bow'r:
Whene'er the sun grows high and warm,
We'll to the caulier shade remove;
There will I lock thee in mine arm,
And love and kifs, and kifs and love.

S O N G 185.

KATY'S ANSWER.

MY mither's ay glowran o'er me,
Though she did the same before me;
I canna get leave to look to my loove,
Or else she'll be like to devour me.

Right fain wad I take ye'r offer,
Sweet Sir, but I'll tine my tocher;
Then Sandy, ye'll fret, and wyte, ye'r poor Kate,
Whene'er ye keek in your toom coffer.

For tho' my father has plenty,
Of filler and plenishing dainty,
Yet he's unco swear to twin wi' his gear,
And fae we had need to be tenty.
Tutor my parents wi' caution,
Be wylie in ilka motion,
Brag weel o' ye'r land, and there's my leal hand,
Win them, I'll be at your devotion.

S O N G 186.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Composed by a Clergyman at Aberdeen.

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
And rozet weel your fiddle-sticks;
But banish vile Italian tricks
Frac out your quorum,
Nor fortes wi' pianos mix;
Gie's Tullochgorum.

R. FERGUSON.

COME, gie's a fang, the Lady cry'd,
And lay your disputes all aside,
What signifies't for folks to chide
For what's been done before them?

Let Whig and Torry all agree,
 Whig and Torry, Whig and Torry,
 Let Whig and Torry all agree,
 To drop their whigmegmorum :
 Let Whig and Torry all agree,
 To spend this night with mirth and glee,
 And chearfu' sing along wi' me
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite ;
 And ony fump that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abhor him.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 Blithe and merry, blithe and merry,
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 To make a cheerfu' quorum.
 Blithe and merry we's be a',
 As lang's we ha'e breath to draw,
 And dance, 'till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be so great a phrase
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gi'e our ain Strathspeys
 For half a hundred score o'em :
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie ;
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum :

They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their *allegroes*, and a' the rest,
 They cannot please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let warldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fear of want, and double cess ;
 And silly fauls themselves distress

Wi' keeping up decorum :
 Shall we fae sour and sulky fit,
 Sour and foulky, sour and sulky ;
 Shall we fae sour and sulky fit,
 Like auld Philosophorum ?
 Shall we fae sour and sulky fit,
 Wi' neither sence, nor mirth, nor wit ?
 And canna rise to shake a fit
 At the reel of Tullochgorum.

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest-hearted open friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 Be a' that's good before him !
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty ;
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a' great store o'em !
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Untain'd by any vicious blot ;
 And may he never want a groat
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the discontented fool,
 Who wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And blackest fiends devour him !
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 Dole and sorrow, dole and sorrow,
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And honest souls abhor him !
 May dole and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whoe'er he be that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

S O N G 187.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

YE fair, possess'd of ev'ry charm
 To captivate the will ;
 Whose smiles can rage itself disarm,
 Whose frowns at once can kill :
 Say, will you deign the verse to hear,
 Where flatt'ry bears no part ?
 An honest verse that flows sincere,
 And candid from the heart.

Great is your pow'r, but greater yet
 Mankind it might engage,
 If, as ye all can make a net,
 Ye all could make a cage.

Each nymph a thousand hearts may take,
 For who's to beauty blind ?
 But to what end a pris'ner make,
 Unless we've strength to bind ?

Attend the counsel often told—
 Too often told in vain—
 Learn that best art, the art to hold,
 And lock the lover's chain.
 Gamesters to little purpose win,
 Who lose again as fast ;
 Though beauty may the charm begin,
 'Tis sweetness makes it last.

S O N G 188.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWS.

How blyth, ilk' morn, was I to see
 My swain come o'er the hill !
 He skipt the burn, and flew to me ;
 I met him wi' good will.

*O the broom, the bonny, bonny broom,
 The broom o' Cowdenknows ;
 I wish I were wi' my dear swain,
 Wi' his pipe and my ewes.*

I neither wanted ew nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay ;

He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And chear'd me a' the day.

O the broom, &c.

He tun'd his pipe and reed fae sweet,
The birds stood list'ning by ;
Ev'n the dull cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd wi' his melody.

O the broom, &c.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I env'y'd not the fairest dame,
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.

O the broom, &c.

Hard fate ! that I shou'd banish'd be,
Gang heavily and mourn,
Because I lov'd the kindest swain
That ever yet was born !

O the broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
Cou'd I but faithfu' be ?
He staw my heart ; cou'd I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me ?

O the broom, &c.

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup whey,

My plaidy, broach, and crooked stick,
May now ly uselefs by.

O the broom, &c.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknows, adieu,
Farewel a' pleasures there ;
Ye gods, reitore me to my swain,
Is a' I crave, or care

O the broom, &c.

S O N G 289

By Mr GAY.

THUS I stand, like a Turk, with my doxies
around ;

From all fides their glances his passion confound !
For black, brown, and fair, his inconstancy burns,
And different beauties subdue him by turns :
Each calls forth her charms to provoke his desires,
Though willing to all, with but one he retires ;
But think of this maxim and put off all sorrow,
The wretch of to-day may be happy to-morrow.

But think of this maxim, &c.



S O N G 190.

ALLAN WATER.

WHAT numbers shall the muse repeat?
What verse be found to praise my Annie?
On her ten thousand graces wait,
Each swain admires, and owns she's bonny.
Since first she trod the happy plain,
She set each youthfu' heart on fire;
Each nymph does to her swain complain,
That Annie kindles new desire.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming Annie,
Like summer's dawn, she's fresh and fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes fan ye.
A' day the am'rous youths convene,
Joyous they sport and play before her;
A' night, when she nae mair is seen,
In blissful dreams they still adore her.

Amang the crowd Amyntor came,
He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few, his wishes many.
Wi' smiles the lovely maid reply'd,
Kind Shepherd, Why shou'd I deceive ye?
Alas! your love maun be deny'd,
This destin'd breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came, with Cupid's art,
 His wiles, his smiles, his charms beguiling,
 He staw awa' my virgin-heart ;
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing.
 Some brighter beauty you may find,
 On yonder plain the nymphs are many ;
 Then chuse some heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

S O N G 191.

JAMIE GAY.

AS Jamie gay gang'd byth his way,
 Along the river Tweed,
 A bonny lass as e'er was seen,
 Came tripping o'er the mead.
 The hearty swain, untaught to feign,
 The buxom nymph survey'd,
 And full of glee as lad could be,
 Bespoke the pretty maid.

Dear lassie tell, why by thinesell
 Thou hast'ly wand'rest here.
 My ewes, the cry'd are straying wide,
 Canst tell me, laddie, where ?
 To town I'll hie, he made reply,
 Some meikle sport to see,

But thou'rt so sweet, so trim and neat,
I'll seek the ewes with thee.

She gae'm her hand, nor made a stand,
But lik'd the youth's intent ;
O'er hill and dale, o'er plain and vale
Right merrily they went.
The birds sang sweet, the pair to greet,
And flowers bloom'd around ?
And as they walk'd, of love they talk'd,
And joys which lovers crown'd.

And now the sun had rose to noon,
The zenith of his power,
When to a shade their steps they made,
To pass the mid-day hour.
The bonny lad rowd in his plaid
The lass, who scorn'd to frown ;
She soon forgot the ewes she sought,
And he to gang to town.

S O N G 192.

My Heart's my ain.

'TIS nae very lang sinfyne,
That I had a lad of my ain ;
But now he's awa' to anither,
And left me a' my lain :

The lass he's courting has filler,
And I hae nane at a';
And 'tis nought but the love of the tocher,
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I'm blyth, that my heart's my ain,
And I'll keep it a' my life,
Until that I meet wi' a lad
Who has sence to wale a good wife.
For though I say't mysell,
That shou'd nae say't 'tis true,
The lad that gets me for a wife,
He'll ne'er hae occasion to rue.

I gang ay fou clean and fou tosh,
As a' the neighbours can tell;
'Though I've seldom a gown on my back,
But sic as I spin mysell.
And when I am clad in my curtsy,
I think mysell as braw;
As Sufy, wi' a' her pearling,
That's tane my lad awa'.

But I wish they were buckled together,
And may they live happy for life;
Tho' Willie does flight me, and's left me,
The chield he deserves a good wife.
But, O! I'm blyth that I've miss'd him,
As blyth as I weel can be;
For ane that's fae keen o' the filler,
Will ne'er agree wi' me.

But as the truth is, I'm hearty,
 I hate to be scrimpit or scant;
 The wie thing I hae, I'll make use o't,
 And nae ane about me shall want.
 For I'm a good guide o' the warld,
 I ken when I ha'd to gie;
 For whinging and cringing for filler,
 Will ne'er agree wi' me.

Contentment is better than riches,
 An' he wha has that has enough;
 T' he master is seldom sae happy
 As Robin that drives the plough;
 But if a young lad wou'd cast up,
 T' make me his partner for life;
 If the chield has the sense to be happy,
 He'll fa' on his feet for a wife.

S O N G 193.

LET gay ones and great,
 Make the most of their fate,
 From pleasure to pleasure they run:
 Well, who cares a jot,
 I envy them not,
 While I have my dog and my gun.

For exercise, air,
 To the fields I repair,
 With spirits unclouded and light;

The blisses I find,
No stings leave behind,
But health and diversion unite.

S O N G 194.

THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

HER sheep had in clusters kept close to a grove,
To hide from the rigours of day ;
And Phillis herself, in a woodbine alcove,
Among the sweet violets lay ;
A youngling, it seems, had been stole from its dam,
(Twixt Cupid and Hymen a plot),
That Corydon might, as he search'd for his lamb
Arrive at the critical spot.

As thro' the gay hedge for his lambkin he peeps,
He saw the sweet maid with surprise ;
" Ye gods ! if so killing," he cry'd, " when she
" sleeps,
" I'm lost when she opens her eyes !
" To tarry much longer would hazard my heart,
" I'll onwards my lambkin to trace :"
In vain honest Corydon strove to depart,
For love held him nail'd to the place.

" Hush, hush'd be these birds, what a bawling
" they keep,
" (He cry'd), you're too loud on the spray ;

"Dont you see, foolish lark, that the charmer's
"asleep!

"You'll awake her as sure as 'tis day:

"How dare that fond butterfly touch the sweet
"maid!

"Her cheek he mistakes for a rose;

"I'd put him to death, if I was not afraid

"My boldness would break her repose."

Young Phillis look'd up with a languishing smile:

"Kind shepherd," she said, "you mistake;

"I laid myself down just to rest me a while;

"But trust me, have still been awake."

The shepherd took courage, advanc'd with a bow,

He plac'd himself close by her side;

And manag'd the matters I cannot tell how,

But yesterday made her his bride.

S O N G 195.

THE fields were green, the hills were gay,
And birds were singing on each spray;
When Colin met me in the grove,
And told me tender tales of love!
Was ever swain so blithe as he,
So kind, so faithful, and so free?
In spite of all my friends could say,
Young Colin stole my heart away!

Whene'er he trips the meads along,
He sweetly joins the woodlark's song ;
And when he dances on the green,
There's none so blithe as Colin seen ;
If he's but nigh, I nothing fear,
For I alone am all his care.
Then, spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away !

My mother chides whene'er I roam,
And seems surpris'd I quit my home ;
But she'd not wonder that I rove,
Did she but feel how much I love ;
Full well I know the gen'rous swain,
Will never give my bosom pain :
Then, spite of all my friends can say,
He's stole my tender heart away !

S O N G 196.

BLITHE JOCKEY.

MY Jockey is the blithest lad
That e'er young maid did woo ;
When he appears, my heart is glad,
For he is kind and true.
He talks of love whene'er we meet,
His words in rapture flow ;
Then tunes his pipe and sings so sweet,
I have not pow'r to go.

All other lasses he forfakes,
And flies to me alone ;
At ev'ry fair, or other wakes,
I hear the maiden's moan.
He buys me toys and sweetmeats too,
And ribbands for my hair :
What swain was ever half so true,
Or half so kind and fair ?

Where'er I go, I nothing fear,
If Jockey is but by ;
For I alone am all his care,
Whenever danger's nigh.
He vows to wed next Whitsunday,
And make me blest for life ;
Can I refuse, ye maidens, say,
To be young Jockey's wife ?

SONG 197.

COME jolly Bacchus, god of wine,
Crown this night with pleasure ;
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure ;
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That every true and loyal soul,
May drink and sing without controul
To support our pleasure.

Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian of our pleasure,
That, under thy protection, we
May enjoy our pleasure ;
And, as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die in pleasure.

S O N G 193.

To the Tune of, God save the King.

HAIL, MASONRY divine;
Glory of ages shine,
Long may't thou reign :
Where'er thy Lodges stand,
May they have great command,
And always grace the land,
Thou art divine !

Great fabrics still arise,
And grace the azure skies,
Great are thy schemes :
Thy noble orders are
Matchless beyond compare ;
No Art with thee can share,
Thou Art divine !

Hiram the architect,
Did all the Craft direct

How they should build;
Sol'mon, great Isr'el's king,
Did mighty blessings bring,
And left us room to sing,
Hail, royal Art.

} *Chorus 3 times.*

S O N G 199.

HIGHLAND QUEEN.

NO more my song sha'll be, ye swains,
Of purling streams, or flow'ry plains;
More pleasing beauties me inspire,
And Phœbus tunes the warbling lyre:
Divinely aided, thus I mean
To celebrate my Highland Queen.

In her, sweet innocence you'll find,
With freedom, truth, and beauty join'd;
From pride and affectation free,
Alike she smiles on you and me:
The brightest nymph that trips the green,
I do pronounce my Highland Queen.

No sordid wish or trifling joy,
Her settled calm of mind destroy;

Strict honour fills her spotless soul,
And adds a lustre to the whole :
A matchless shape, a graceful mien,
All center in my Highland Queen.

How blest that youth, whom gentle fate
Has destin'd for so fair a mate ;
Has all these wond'ring gifts in store,
And each returning day brings more.
No youth so happy can be seen,
Possessing thee, my Highland Queen.

SONG 200.

HIGHLAND KING.

YE Muses nine, O lend your aid,
Inspire a tender bashful maid,
That's lately yielded up her heart,
A conquest to love's pow'rful dart ;
And now would fain attempt to sing
The praises of my Highland King.

Jamie, the pride of all the green,
Is just my age, e'en gay fifteen :
When first I saw him, 'twas the day
That ushers in the sprightly May ;
When first I felt Love's pow'rful sting,
And sigh'd for my dear Highland King.

With him, for beauty, shape, and air,
 No other shepherd can compare ;
 Good nature, honesty, and truth,
 Adorn the dear, the matchless youth :
 And graces, more than I can sing,
 Bedeck my charming Highland King.

Would once the dearest boy but say,
 'Tis you I love ; come, come away,
 Unto the kirk, my love, let's hie ;
 Ye gods, in rapture I'd comply :
 And I should then have cause to sing
 The praises of my Highland King.

S O N G 201.

THE hounds are all out, and the morning does
 peep ;

Come, rise up, you sluggardly sot :
 How can you, how can you, ly snoring asleep,
 While we all on horseback have got, *my brave*
boys.

While we all on horseback have got.

I cannot get up for mine over night's cup
 So terribly lyes in my head ;
 Besides my wife cries, my dear, do not rise,
 But cuddle me longer in bed, &c.

Come, draw on your boots, and saddle your mare,
Without any longer delay ;
For the cry of the hounds, and the sight of the
hare,
Will chase all dull vapours away.

Hark, hark ! how the huntsman has started poor
pufs,
He has her now full in his view :
We'll never forsake her, till we overtake her,
So eagerly let us pursue.

No pleasure like hunting to pass the long day,
We scour the hills and the dale ;
At night, for our supper, we feast on our prey,
When over a pot of good ale.

Since thus, my dear Kate, the summons you hear,
Your toying, I prithee, give o'er,
And be of good cheer, at night I'll be here,
And cuddle you o'er and o'er, *my dear girl, &c.*

S O N G 202.

FAREWELL, ye green fields and sweet groves,
Where Phillis engag'd my fond heart,
Where nightingales warble their loves,
And Nature is dress'd without art.

No pleasure they now can afford,
Nor music can lull me to rest;
For Phillis proves false to her word,
And Strephon can never be blest.

Oft-times by the side of a spring,
Where roses and lilies appear;
Gay Phillis of Strephon would sing,
For Strephon was all she held dear.
So soon as she found, by my eyes,
The passion that glow'd in my breast,
She then, to my grief and surprize,
Prov'd all she had said was a jest.

Too soon, to my sorrow, I find
The beauties alone that will last
Are those that are fix'd in the mind,
Which envy or time cannot blast.
Beware, then, beware how ye trust
Coquets who to love make pretence;
For Phillis to me had been just
If Nature had bless'd her with sense.

S O N G 203.

A Trifling song ye shall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended;
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately came into the play,
The men would want something to do,
The women want something to say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
Because the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often caressing,
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has trifled,
The trifle of trifles to gain,
No sooner the virgin is rifled,
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal wou'd ever be able,
At Whyte's half a moment to sit?
Or who is't cou'd bear a tea-table,
Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,
Gold keys are no trifles we see;
White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
Where trifles abundantly breed;
The levee will shew you, his Grace
Make promises trifles indeed!

A coach with six footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor sin;
But, ye gods! how oft do we find
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of Champaign people think it
A trifle, or something as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle by Gad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
A widow's a trifle in sorrow,
A peace is a trifle to day,
To break it a trifle to morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloak,
Or to hide it the red may endeavour;
But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,
The reason pray carry along;
Because that at every new play,
The house they with trifles so throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot;
The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot.

S O N G 204.

Omnia vincit Amor.

AS I went forth to view the spring,
Whilst Flora had adorned
In raiment fair; now every thing
The rage of winter scorned;
I cast mine eye, and did espy
A youth, who made great clamour;
And drawing nigh, I heard him cry,
Ah! *omnia vincit amor.*

Upon his breast he lay along,
Hard by a murm'ring river,
And mournfully his doleful song
With sighs he did deliver;
Ah! Jeany's face has comely grace,
Her locks that shine like lamer,
With burning rays have cut my days;
For *omnia vincit amor.*

Her glancy een like comets sheen,
The morning sun outshining,
Have caught my heart in Cupid's net,
And make me die with pining.
Durst I complain, Nature's to blame,
So curiously to frame her,
Whose beauties rare make me, with care,
Cry, *omnia vincit amor.*

Ye crystal streams that swiftly glide,
Be partners of my mourning,
Ye fragrant fields and meadows wide,
Condemn her for her scorning ;
Let every tree a witness be,
How justly I may blame her ;
Ye chanting birds, note these my words,
Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Had she been kind as she was fair,
She long had been admired,
And been ador'd for virtues rare,
Wh' of life now makes me tired.
Thus said, his breath began to fail,
He could not speak but stammer ;
He sigh'd full sore, and said no more,
But *omnia vincit amor.*

When I observ'd him near to death,
I run in haste to save him,
But quickly he resign'd his breath,
So deep the wound love gave him.
Now for her sake this vow I'll make,
My tongue shall ay defame her,
While on his herse I'll write this verse,
Ah ! *omnia vincit amor.*

Straight I consider'd in my mind
Upon the matter rightly,
And found, though Cupid be blind,
He proves in pith most mighty.

For warlike Mars, and thund'ring Jove,
And Vulcan with his hammer,
Did ever prove the slaves of love ;
For *omnia vincit amor*.

Hence we may see th' effects of love,
Which gods and men keep under,
That nothing can his bonds remove,
Or torments break afunder :
Nor wise nor fool need go to school
To learn this from his grammar ;
His heart's the book where he's to look
For *omnia vincit amor*.

S O N G 205.

By HOOK or by CROOK.

A FEW years ago, in the days of my granum,
A worthy old woman as ever broke bread ;
What lecture she gave, in the morning began 'em,
Nor ceas'd till she laid herself down in her bed.
She never declin'd what she once undertook,
But twist'd, persist'd, now flatter'd now spatter'd,
And always succeeded by *Hook or by Crook*.

Said she, child, whatever your fate be hereafter,
If marry'd, if single, if old, or if young,
In madness, in sadness, in sorrow or laughter,
But follow my maxims, you cannot go wrong ;

All passions, all tempers, I always could brook,
If scolded, I molded, if heated, retreated,
And manag'd my matters *by Hook or by Crook*.

Inspir'd by her maxims, I tarry'd no longer,
But fix'd on a damsel both frolic and free,
My passion, I told her, grew stronger and stronger,
And quickly resolv'd I a husband would be ;
I offer'd my hand with a languishing look,
She sigh'd, but consented, I gave it contented,
So finish'd the courtship *by Hook or by Crook*.

By the old woman's counsel I ventur'd to marry,
And fancy'd a wife by grandmother's rules,
Might be taught, like a spaniel, to fetch and to
carry,

But soon I discover'd we both had been fools ;
In vain I shew'd madam the wonderful brook,
I coax'd her, I box'd her, but truly, unruly,
Wives cannot be manag'd *by Hook or by Crook*.

SONG 206.

THE echoing horn calls the sportsman abroad,
To horse my brave boys, and away ;
The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds
Upbraids our too tedious delay.
What pleasure we feel in pursuing the fox !
O'er hill and o'er valley he flies ;

Then follow, we'll soon overtake him, huzza !
The traitor is seiz'd on, and dies.

Triumphant returning at night with the spoil,
Like Bachanals shouting and gay,
How sweet with a bottle and lais to refresh,
And lose the fatigues of the day !
With sport, love, and wine, fickle fortune defy,
Dull wisdom all happiness sours :
Since life is no more than a passage at best,
Let's strew the way over with flow'rs.

S O N G 207.

My Wife's ta'en the Gee.

A FRIEND of mine came here yestreen,
And he wou'd hae me down,
To drink a bottle of ale wi' him,
In the neist borrows town.
But O ! indeed, it was, Sir,
Sae far the war for me ;
For lang or e'er that I came hame,
My wife had ta'en the gee.

We sat sae late, and drank sae stout,
The truth I tell to you,
That lang or e'er midnight came,
We were a' roaring fou.

My wife sits at the fire-side ;
 And the tear blinds ay her ee ;
 The ne'er a bed will she gae to,
 But sit and tak the gee.

In the morning soon, when I came down,
 The ne'er ae word she spake ;
 But mony a sad and sour look,
 And ay her head she'd shake.
 My dear, quoth I, what aileth thee,
 To look sae sour on me ?
 I'll ne'er do the like again,
 If ye'll ne'er tak' the gee.

When that she heard, she ran she sang
 Her arms about my neck,
 And twenty kisses, in a crack,
 And, poor wee thing, she grat.
 If ye'll ne'er do the like again,
 But bide at hame wi' me,
 I'll lay my life I'll be the wife
 That's never tak' the gee.

S O N G 208.

T H E G A W K I E.

BLYTH young Bess to Jean did say,
 Will ye gang to yon sunny brae,
 Where flocks do feed, and herds do stray,
 And sport a while wi' Jamie?

Ah na, lafs, I'll no gang there,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care,
Nor about Jamie tak nae care ;
For he's ta'en up wi' Maggie.

For hark, and I will tell you, lafs,
Did I not see your Jamie pafs,
Wi' muckle gladness in his face,
Out o'er the muir to Maggie.
I wat he gae her mony a kifs,
And Maggie took them ne'er amifs ;
'Tween ilka smack pleas'd her wi' this,
That Befs was but a gawkie.

For when'er a civil kifs I seek,
She turns her head, and thraws her cheek,
And for an hour she'll scarcely speak ;
Who'd not ca' her a gawkie ?
But fure my Maggie has mair sense,
She'll gie a score without offence :
Now gi'e me ane into the mense,
And ye shall be my dawtie.

O Jamie, ye hae mony tane,
But I will never stand for ane
Or twa, when we do meet again,
Sae ne'er think me a gawkie.
Ah na, lafs, that can ne'er be,
Sic thoughts as these are far frae me,
Or ony thy sweet face that see,
E'er to think thee a gawkie.

But, whish't, nae mair of this we'll speak,
For yonder Jamie does us meet;
Instead of Meg he kifs'd sae sweet,
I trow he likes the gawkie.

O dear Bess, I hardly knew,
When I came by, your gown's sae new,
I think you've got it wat wi' dew,
Quoth she, that's like a gawkie.

It's wat wi' dew, and 'twill get rain,
And I'll get gowns when it is gane,
Sae you may gang the gate you came,
And tell it to your dawtie.

The guilt appear'd in Jamie's cheek,
He cry'd, O cruel maid, but sweet,
If I should gang another gate,
I ne'er could meet my dawtie.

The lasses fast frae him they flew,
And left poor Jamie fair to rue,
That ever Maggie's face he knew,
Or yet ca'd Bess a gawkie.
As they gade o'er the muir they sang,
The hills and dales with echo's rang,
The hills and dales with echo's rang,
Gang o'er the muir to Maggie.



S O N G 209.

THE MILLER OF DEE.

THERE was a jolly miller once
Liv'd on the water of Dee ;
He wrought and sung frae morn to night,
No lark more blyth than he :
And this the burden of his song
For ever us'd to be,
“ I care for no body, no not I,
“ Since no body cares for me.”

I live by my mill, God blefs her,
She's kindred, child and wife ;
I would not change my station,
For any other in life.
No lawyer, surgeon or doctor,
E'er had a groat from me ;
I care for no body, no not I,
If no body cares for me.

When spring begins his merry career,
O how his heart grows gay ;
No summer's drought alarms his fears,
Nor winter's sad decay :
No foresight mar's the miller's joy,
Who's wont to sing and say,
Let others toil from year to year,
I live from day to day.

Thus like the miller, bold and free,
 Let us rejoice and sing,
 The days of youth are made for glee,
 And time is on the wing.
 This song shall pass from me to thee
 Along this jovial ring;
 Let heart and voice and all agree
 To say, Long live the King.

SONG 210.

BRAES OF YARROW.

THE sun, just glancing thro' the trees,
 Gave light and joy to ilka grove;
 And pleasure, in each southern breeze,
 Awaken'd hope, and slumbering love.
 When Jeanie sung with hearty glee,
 To charm her winsome Marrow,
 My bonny laddie, gang wi' me,
My bonny, &c.
 We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow.
 My bonny laddie gang wi' me,
We'll o'er, &c.

Young Sandie was the blytheft lad,
 That ever pip'd on broomy brae;
 Nae lass could see him free frae pain,
 So youthful, brisk, so blyth and gay.

When Jeanie sung with hearty glee,
To charm her winsome Marrow,
My bonny laddie, gang wi' me,
My bonny, &c.

We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow.
My bonny laddie gang wi' me,
We'll o'er, &c.

He kiss'd and loo'd the pretty maid,
Her sparkling een had won his heart,
No nymph the youth had e'er betray'd,
No fears had she, the swain no art.
And still she sang with heart and glee,
To charm her winsome Marrow,
My bonny laddie, gang wi' me,
My bonny, &c.

We'll o'er the braes of Yarrow.
My bonny laddie gang wi' me,
We'll o'er, &c.

S O N G 211.

ROSLIN CASTLE.

'TWAS in that season of the year,
When all things gay and sweet appear,
That Colin, with the morning ray,
Arose and sung his rural lay ;

Of Nanny's charms the shepherd sung,
The hills and dales with Nanny rung,
While Roslin castle heard the swain,
And echo'd back the chearful strain.

Awake, sweet muse, the breathing spring,
With rapture warms, awake and sing;
Awake, and join the vocal throng,
And hail the morning with a song;
To Nanny raise the chearful lay,
O bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn.

O hark, my love, on every spray
Each feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song;
Then let my ravish'd notes arise,
For beauty dart's from Nanny's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

O come, my love, thy Colin's lay,
With rapture calls, O come away:
Come, while the muse this wreath shall twine,
Around that modest brow of thine:
O hither haste, and with thee bring,
That beauty, blooming like the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravish'd heart of mine.

SONG 212.

A HUNTING SONG.

RECITATIVE.

HARK! the horn calls away,
Come the grave, come the gay,
Wake to music that wakens the skies,
Quit the bondage of sloth, and arise.

AIR.

From the east breaks the morn,
See the sun-beams adorn
The wild heath and the mountains so high;
Shrilly opes the staunch hound,
The steed neighs to the found,
And the floods and the vallies reply.

Our forefathers so good,
Prov'd their greatness of blood,
By encount'ring the pard and the boar;
Ruddy health bloom'd each face,
Age and youth urg'd the chase,
And taught woodlands and forests to roar.

Hence of noble descent,
Hills and wilds we frequent,
Where the bosom of nature's reveal'd;
Tho' in life's busy day,
Man of man make a prey,
Still let ours be the prey of the field.

With the chace in full sight,
Gods, how great the delight,
How our mortal sensations refine;
Where is care? where is fear?
Like the winds in the rear,
And the man's lost in something divine.

Now to horse, my brave boys,
Lo! each pants for the joys
That anon shall enliven the whole;
Then, at eve we'll dismount,
Toils and pleasures recount,
And renew the chace over the bowl.

S O N G 213.

COME rouse from your trances,
The fly morn advances,
To catch sluggish mortals in bed;
Let the horn's jocund note
In the wind sweetly float,
While the fox from the brake lifts his head;
Now creeping,
Now peeping,
The fox from the brake lifts his head:

Each away to his steed,
Your goddesses shall lead;

Come, follow, my worshippers, follow ;
For the chace all prepare,
See the hounds snuff the air,
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet holloo !

Hark Jowler, hark Rover,
See reynard breaks cover,
The hunter's fly over the ground ;
Now they skim o'er the plain,
Now they dart down the lane,
And the hills, woods, and vallies resound,
With dashing,
And splashing,
The hills, woods, and vallies resound :

Then away with full speed,
Your goddess shall lead,
Come follow, my worshippers, follow ;
O'er hedge, ditch, and gate,
If you stop you'r too late,
Hark, hark, to the huntsman's sweet holloo !

SONG 214.

BRITON'S GLORY.

COME ye lads who wish to shine,
Bright in future story,

Haste to arms and form the line
That leads to martial glory.

C H O R U S.

*Charge the musket, point the lance,
Brave the worst of dangers ;
Tell the blustering sons of France,
That we to fear are strangers.*

Britain, when the lion's rous'd,
And the flag is rearing,
Always finds her sons dispos'd
To drub the foe that's daring.

Charge the musket, &c.

Hearts of oak with speed advance ;
Pour your naval thunder,
On the trembling shores of France,
And strike the world with wonder.

Charge the musket, &c.

Honour for the brave to share,
Is the noblest booty ;
Guard your coasts, protect the fair ;
For that's a Briton's duty.

Charge the musket, &c.

What if Spain should take their parts,
And form a base alliance ?

All unite and English hearts,
May bid the world defiance.

CHORUS.

*Beat the drum the trumpet sound,
Manly and united ;
Danger face, maintain your ground,
And see your country righted.*

S O N G 215.

AQUIRE of bright beauties
In spring did appear,
To chuse a May-lady
To govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white,
And the shepherds in green,
The garland was given,
And Phillis was queen.
But Phillis refus'd it,
And sighing did say,
I'll not wear a garland,
While Pan is away.

While Pan and fair Syrinx,
Are fled from the shore,
The graces are banish'd,
And love is no more :

The soft god of pleasure
 That warm'd our desires,
 Has broken his bow,
 And extinguish'd his fires ;
 And vows that himself
 And his mother will mourn,
 Till Pan and fair Syrinx
 In triumph return.

Forbear your addresses,
 And court us no more ;
 For we will perform
 What the deity swore :
 But if you dare think
 Of deserving our charms,
 Away with your sheep hooks,
 And take to your arms :
 Then laurels and myrtles
 Your brows shall adorn,
 When Pan and fair Syrinx
 In triumph return.

S O N G 216.

THE TIPPLING PHILOSOPHERS.

DIOGENES surly and proud,
 Who snarl'd at the Macedon youth,
 Delighted in wine that was good,
 Because in good wine there was truth ;

But growing as poor as a Job,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er wou'd deny
A bumper, to cherish his heart ;
And when he was maudlin wou'd cry,
Because he had empty'd his quart :
Tho' some are so foolish to think,
He wept at mens follies and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink,
Till the liquor flow'd out of his eyes.

Democritus always was glad
To tipple and cherish his soul ;
Would laugh like a man that was mad,
When over a good flowing bowl ;
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff ;
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At them that were sober he'd laugh.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave
Good laws unto Athens of old,
And thought the rich Cræsus a slave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of gold ;
He delighted in plentiful bowls,
But drinking, much talk would decline,
Because 'twas the custom of fools,
To prattle much over their wine.

Old Socrates ne'er was content,
Till a bottle had hightened his joys,
Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted so wise :
Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or Xantippe would never have prov'd
Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Grave Seneca, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of Rome,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his quarts,
Which he drank like a miser at home ;
And, to shew he lov'd wine that was good,
To the last, (we may truly aver it,)
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood,
So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin,
On his pupils who wisdom would seek ;
Because he tippled good wine,
Till himself was unable to speak ;
And when he was whimsical grown,
With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his crown,
He conceiv'd transmigration of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in wine,
And thought that a cup of the best
Made reason the brighter to shine ;

With wine he replenish'd his veins,
And made his philosophy reel ;
Then fancy'd the world, like his brains,
Turn'd round like a chariot-wheel.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without wine ;
And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine ;
His belly, most writers agree,
Was big as a watering-trough ;
He therefore leap'd into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

Old Plato was reckon'd divine,
He fondly to wisdom was prone ;
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known.
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings,
Without it we ne'er shou'd have had
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

S O N G 217.

LUCY and COLIN.

OF Leister. fam'd for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace ;

Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face :
Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh ! have you seen a lily pale,
When beating rains descend ?
So droop'd the slow-consuming maid,
Her life was near an end.
By Lucy warn'd, of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair ;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times, all in the dead of night,
A bell was heard to ring ;
And shrieking at her window thrice,
The raven flapp'd his wing :
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke,
The virgins weeping round :

“ I hear a voice you cannot hear,
“ Which says, I must not stay ;
“ I see a hand you cannot see,
“ Which beckons me away.

“ By a false heart and broken vows,

“ In early youth I die ;

“ Was I to blame, because his bride

“ Was thrice as rich as I ?

“ Ah Colin ! give not her thy vows,

“ Vows due to me alone ?

“ Nor thou fond maid, receive his kifs,

“ Nor think him all thy own.

“ To morrow in the church to wed,

“ Impatient both prepare :

“ But know, fond maid, and know, false man,

“ That Lucy will be there.

“ Then bear my corse, my comrades dear,

“ This bridegroom blithe to meet :

“ He in his wedding-trim so gay,

“ I in my winding sheet.”

She spoke, she dy'd : her corse was born,

The bridegroom blithe to meet ;

He in his wedding-trim so gay,

She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjur'd Colin's thoughts !

How were these nuptials kept !

The bride's men flock'd round Lucy dead,

And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,

At once his bosom swell ;

The damps of death bedew'd his brow,

He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride (ah bride no more !
The varying crimson fled,
When, stretch'd before her rival's corse,
She saw her husband dead.
Then to his Lucy's new made grave,
Convey'd by trembling swains,
One mold with her beneath one sod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at his grave, the constant hind,
And plighted maids are seen,
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou art,
This hallow'd spot forbear ;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him here.

S O N G 218.

THE BIRD.

THE bird, that hears her nestlings cry,
And flies abroad for food,
Returns impatient through the sky
To nurse the callow brood :
The tender mother knows no joy,
But bodes a thousand harms,

And sickens for the darling boy,
While absent from her arms.

Such fondness with impatience join'd,
My faithful bosom fires,
Now forc'd to leave my fair behind,
The queen of my desires.
The pow'rs of verse too languid prove,
All similes are vain,
To shew how ardently I love,
Or to relieve my pain.

The saint with fervent zeal inspir'd
For heav'n and joys divine,
The saint is not with rapture fir'd,
More pure, more warm than mine.
I take what liberty I dare,
'Twere impious to say more;
Convey my longings to the fair,
The goddess I adore.

S O N G 219.

A DISH OF ALL SORTS.

GUARDIAN angels now protect me—
From the man that I love, tho' my heart I dis-
guise,
I can freely distinguish—
The sun from the east, tips the mountains with gold.

And the meadows all spangled—

With woman and wine, I defy ev'ry care,
For life without these, is —

An old song made by an ancient old pate,
Of ———

All the girls within the town,
The black, the fair, the red, the brown,
That dance and prance it up and down,

There's none like ———

Bra' John O'Bute, was a bonny muckle man,
Frae Scotland he came ———

In penance for past folly,
A pilgrim blyth and jolly,
A foe to ———

The four and twentieth day of May,
Of all days in the year fir, ———

When the trees are all bare, not a leaf to be seen,
And the meadows their verdure have lost ;
When all nature, disrob'd of her mantle of green, —

By the side of a great kitchen fire,
A scullion complaining was laid ;
A pudding was ———

All in the Downs, the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-ey'd Susan came on board,
Oh ! where shall I my true love find :
Tell me ———

John Anderson my Jo, John, I wonder what you
mean,

To rise so soon at morning, to sit so late at e'en, —

The clock had struck, I can't tell what,
And morning came on too, as grey as a rat ;
Cocks and hens from their roosts did fly,
Grunting pigs too left their sty ;

Down in a vale, Ciss with her pail,
Met her true love dapper Harry ;
First they kist, then shook fist,
And look'd like ——

A certain presbyterian pair,
Was wedded 'tother day,
And when the lambs were laid in bed,
The pastor came to pray. ——

Then sy let us a' to the wedding,
For there will be liting ——
There was once it was said ;
But it's out of my head ;
And more so, yet true is my tale,
That a —— ——— ———

A taylor good lord ! in the time of vacation,
When cabbage was scarce, and when pocket was
low,

For the sake of good liquor pretended a passion
To one that sold ale in a cuckoldly row,
Sing in and out, thro' a clout, whilst he was able ;
Prick a louse, prick a louse, what could he do ?
How a louse made him itch, here a scratch, there
a stich ;

And sing cucumber ! cucumber ! ——
I'm old mad Tom, behold me ;
My wits are quite unfram'd ;

I'm mad I'm sure, and past all cure,
Nor hope to be reclaimed.

Jupiter wenchs and drinks, he rules the roast in
the sky,

He's a fool if he thinks, —

The world is a jumble of nonsense and fun,
And life's run away with, 'ere 'tis well begun :
Like this motly song, 'tis the farce of a day,
Which aptly concludes with a *tal de ral la*.

From sorrow to mirth, we inconstantly range,
No mortal on earth, but is fond of a change :
Then while you have Sun, I advise you make hay,
And always make sure of your *tal de ral la*.

Look round in the world, and you'll constant-
ly find,
As odd sort of couples as ever I bind :
The young weds the old, and the grave takes the
gay ;
All strangers to mirth, and it's *tal de ral la*.

Ye droll sort of mortals, who laugh at my song,
Laugh on, and be thankful you're not in the wrong :
And you that are sad, know the dog has his day,
Then take a full swing at your *tal de ral la*.



S O N G 220.

MY Betsy is the blithest maid
That e'er young shepherd woo'd,
She has at length my heart betray'd,
Alas! do all I could.
For shape, for air, and manners too,
None can with her compare :
O would she but be kind and true,
I'd soon my love declare.

Whene'er I see her beauteous face,
My heart with joy does burn ;
Whene'er she's absent from the place,
I long for her return.
If she all others would forsake,
And fly to me alone ;
What pleasure I with her shou'd take,
While they their loss bemoan !

I'd bless the day that first I knew
My charming Betsy fair ;
And all my life should be to shew
She was my ownly care.
I'd vow to wed next Whitsunday,
And make her blest for life :
Should she refuse then, maidens say,
To be young Johnny's wife ?



SONG 221.

The HAPPY MARRIAGE.

HOW blest has my time been? what joys have
I known,
Since wedlock's soft bondage made Jessy my own?
So joyful my heart is, so easy my chain,
That freedom is tasteless, and roving a pain.
That freedom, &c.

Thro' walks grown with woodbine, as often
we stray,
Around us our boys and girls frolick and play;
How pleasing their sport is! the wanton ones see,
And borrow their looks from my Jessy and me.
And borrow, &c.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times I am seen,
And revels all day with the nymphs on the green;
Tho' painful my absence, my doubts she beguiles
And meets me at night with complacence and
smiles.
And meet, &c.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose loses its hue,
Her wit and good humour blooms all the year thro':
Time still, as he flies, adds increase to her truth,
And gives to her mind what he steals from her
youth.
And gives, &c.

Ye shepherds so gay, who make love to insnare,
And cheat, with false vows, the too credulous
Fair ;

In search of true pleasure, how vainly you roam,
To hold it for life, you must find it at home.

To hold, &c.

S O N G 222.

BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
They war' twa bonny lasses,
They biggi'd a bower on yonburn brae
And thecked it o'er wi' rushes.
Fair Bessy Bell I loo'd yestreen,
And thought I ne'er could alter :
But Mary Gray's twa pawky een,
They gar my fancy falter.

Now Bessy's hair's like a lint-tap ;
She smiles like a May morning,
When Phœbus starts frae Thetis' lap,
The hills with rays adorning :
White is her neck, fast is her hand,
Her waist and feet's fu' genty ;
With ilka grace she can command ;
Her lips, O vow ! they're dainty.

And Mary's locks are like a crow,
 Her een like diamonds glances ;
 She's ay sae clean, redd up and braw,
 She kills whene'er she dances :
 Blyth as a kid, with wit at will,
 She blooming, tight and tall is ;
 And guides her airs sae gracefu' still,
 O Jove, she's like thy Pallas.

Dear Bessy Bell and Mary Gray,
 Ye unco fair oppress us ;
 Our fancies jee between you tway,
 Ye are sic bonny lasses :
 Waes me ! for baith I canna get,
 To ane by law we're stented ;
 Then I'll draw cuts, and tak' my fate,
 And be with ane contented.

S O N G 223.

T W E E D S I D E.

WHAT beauties does Flora disclose ?
 How sweet are her smiles upon Tweed ?
 Yet Mary's still sweeter than those ;
 Both nature and fancy exceed.
 Nor daisy, nor sweet blushing rose,
 Nor all the gay flowers of the field,
 Nor Tweed gliding gently through those,
 Such beauty and pleasure does yield.

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush,
The blackbird, and sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant every bush.
Come, let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the primroses spring;
We'll lodge in some village on Tweed,
And love while the feather'd folks sing,

How does my love pass the long day?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lyes asleep?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her to rest;
Kind Nature indulging my bliss,
Then to ease the soft pains of my breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excell,
No beauty with her may compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell;
She's fairest, where thousands are fair.
Say, Charmer, where do thy flocks stray?
Oh! tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

S O N G 224.

IN PRAISE OF MASONRY.

Tune, An old woman clothed in grey.

IN spite of the prejudic'd hate
 The vulgar against us retain,
 Let us new attachments create,
 And strengthen each link to our chain :
 Without ceasing, they slander us still,
 And sling at us many a joke ;
 But those, who of Masons speak ill,
 Are not worthy their wrath to provoke.

We challenge the witty, or sage,
 Our morals or deeds to gainsay,
 Since those of the primitive age,
 We are bound to esteem and obey ;
 A friendship that's warm and sincere
 Does always her favours dispense ;
 And our hearts to be sway'd will appear
 By the dictates of nature and sense.

Perhaps some may deem it a fault,
 That we so mysterious are,
 But virtue alone we are taught,
 Is the object that's worthy our care :
 Assur'd of being honest, we taste,
 This chearful amusement at leisure,
 With the presence of decency grac'd,
 Which regulates every pleasure.

Hence it is that we see ev'ry brother
 An affable air entertain ;
 And, excusing the faults of each other,
 A social spirit maintain :
 Without hatred or jealousy, thus
 United we Masons do live :
 And he only is envy'd by us
 Who his friends the most pleasure can give.

S O N G 225.

RULE, BRITANNIA.

WHEN Britain first, at heav'n's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 Arose, arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter, the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang this strain ;
*Rule, Britannia ! Britannia, rule the waves !
 Britons never will be slaves !*

The nations (not so blest as thee)
 Must, in their turns to tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia, &c.

Thee, haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 But work their woe, and thy renown.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign,
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine:
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.

Rule, Britannia, &c.

The muses still, with freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair:
 Blest isle! with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair!

Rule, Britannia, &c.

S O N G 226.

WITH early horn, salute the morn,
 That gilds this charming place;
 With chearful cries, bid echo rise,
 And join the jovial chace,
 The vocal hills around,
 The waving woods,
 The chrystal floods,
 All return th' enliv'ning sound.

S O N G 227.

THE LINNETS.

AS bringing home the other day
Two linnets I had ta'en,
The pretty warblers seem'd to pray
For liberty again.
Unheedful of their plaintive notes
I sang across the mead ;
In vain they tun'd their downy throats,
And flutter'd to be freed.

As passing through the tufted grove,
Near which my cottage stood,
I thought I saw the Queen of Love,
When Chlora's charms I view'd.
I gaz'd, I lov'd, I press'd her slay
To hear my tender tale ;
But all in vain she fled away,
Nor could my sighs prevail.

Soon through the wound which love had made
Came pity to my breast ;
And thus I, as compassion bade,
The feather'd pair address'd :
Ye little warblers, chearful be,
Remember not ye flew ;
For I, who thought myself so free,
Am far more caught than you.

S O N G 228.

CONTENTED I am, and contented I'll be ;
What can this vain world more afford,
Than a *wife* to my mind, that prefers none to me,
And *contentment*, though small be my store,
My brave boys ?
And *contentment*, though small be my store.

In the morning I rise, and then toil all the day,
And hath *happiness* still in my view ;
I'll never forsake it 'till I overtake it,
So eagerly I will it pursue,
My brave boys, &c.

When the evening does come, content I sit down,
Nor e'er do I wish for to roam ;
For, *Hymen* and *Love* have firmly decreed,
That true *pleasure's* found always at *home*,
My brave boys, &c.

Then, ye wand'ers! attend, give o'er your pursuits,
They'll ever prove false, you will find ;
Seek pleasure at *home*, and your wife, if she's wife,
Will always be loving and kind,
My brave boys, &c.



S O N G 229.

GRAMACHREE.

AS down on Banna's banks I stray'd,
 One evening in May,
 The little birds in blithest notes
 Made vocal ev'ry spray
 They sung their little tales of love,
 They sung them o'er and o'er,
Ah Gramachree, ma Colleenoughe, ma Molly Afbore!

The daisy pied, and all the sweets
 The dawn of nature yields;
 The primrose pale, the violet blue,
 Lay scatter'd o'er the fields:
 Such fragrance in the bosom lies
 Of her whom I adore.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

I laid me down upon a bank,
 Bewailing my sad fate,
 That doom'd me thus the slave of lee
 And cruel Molly's hate:
 How can she break the honest heart
 That wears her in its core?

Ah Gramachree, &c.

You said you lov'd me, Molly dear;
 Ah! why did I believe?
 Yet who could think such tend'rous words
 Were meant but to deceive?

That love was all I ask'd on earth ;
Nay, heav'n could give no more.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Oh had I all the flocks that graze
On yonder yellow hill,
Or low'd for me the num'rous herds
That yon green pasture fill ;
With her I love I'd gladly share
My kind and fleecy store.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Two turtle doves above my head
Sat couring on a bough ;
I envied not their happiness,
To see them bill and coo :
Such fondness once for me she shew'd ;
But now, alas ! 'tis o'er.

Ah Gramachree, &c.

Then fare thee well, my Molly dear,
Thy loss h'er shall mourn ;
Whilst life remains in Strephon's heart,
'Twill beator thee alone :
Tho' thou art life, may heav'n on thee
Its choicest blessings pour !

Ah Gramachree, &c.



S O N G 230.

Sung in the WATERMAN.

AND did you not hear of a jolly young waterman,

Who at Blackfriars Bridge used for to ply ;
And he feather'd his oars with such skill and dexterity,

Winning each heart and delighting each eye :
He looked so neat, and rowed so steadily,
The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily,
And he eyed the young rouges with so charming
an air,

That this Waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

What sights of fine folks he oft row'd in his wherry,

'Twas clean'd out so nice, and painted with all ;
He was always first oars when the fine city ladies,

In a party to Ranelagh went or Vauxhall.
And oftentimes would they be giggling and leering ;
But 'twas all one to Tom, their gibing and geering,
For loving, or liking, he little did care,
For this Waterman ne'er was in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how strangely things happen ;

As he row'd along thinking of nothing at all,
He was ply'd by a damsel so lovely and charming,
That she smiled, and so straitway in love he did
fall ;

And would this young damsel but banish his sorrow,
He'd wed her to night before to-morrow :
And how should this Waterman ever know care,
When he's married, and never in want of a fare ?

SONG 231.

The PARSON.

PUSH about the brisk glass, I proclaim him an
afs,

Who at cares of this world wou'd repine ;

'Twas our sorrows to drown, and dispel Fortune's
frown,

That Jove sent us, Jove sent us, the juice of the
vine.

'Tis this in all sects the true interest protects,

And enlivens the lump of our clay ;

The parsons looks teach, tho' against it they preach,

Then believe them, believe them, who pleases, I
say.

'Tis not long ago, that a Vicar I know,

Whose name 'twere ungodly to tell,

Who o'er bottle and bowl sat with many good soul,

Full of glee, till ding dong, till ding dong, went
the bell :

Then, 'having a hic—cup, took the chair with a
kick—up,

I must go, else the church will complain ;
But, friends, don't think me rude, I swear by my
priesthood,

I'll but preach, and be with you, be with you
again.

The parson went straight, tho' he stagger'd in gait,

With his sermon in mem'ry's large chest ;
To the pulpit he rose, but soon fell in a dose,
And cries, Excellent, excellent wine, I protest.

The whole congregation, in strange consternation,

Left the church, with a sigh at the cause ;
But the clerk, more devout, cries, Sir, they're all
out ;

Then fill 'em, then fill 'em again, my brave boys.

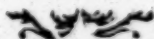
In law 'twas design'd, Justice still should be blind ;

Yet she'll squint if self-int'rest do call ;
And I'm certain I cou'd, o'er a hoghead that's good.

Bribe the council, the council, judge, jury, and
all.

If to drink be a fault, for so we're all taught,

Old Noah could tipple, they say ;
And we gather from hence, all mortals of sense,
Should be sons of old Noah, old Noah : Huzza !



SONG 233.

WHEN summer comes, the swains on Tweed
Sing their successful loves,
Around the ewes and lambkins feed,
And musick fills the groves.

But my lov'd song is then the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows ;
For sure, so sweet, so soft a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

There Colin tun'd his oaten reed,
And won my yielding heart ;
No shepherd e'er, that dwelt on Tweed,
Could play with half such heart.

He sung of Tay, of Forth and Clyde,
The hills and dales all round,
Of Leader-haughs, and Leader-side,
Oh ! how I bless'd the sound.

Yet more delightful is the broom
So fair on Cowden-knows ;
For sure, so fresh, so bright a bloom,
Elsewhere there never grows.

Not Tiviot braes, so green and gay,
May with this broom compare ;
Not Yarrow banks in flow'ry May,
Nor the bush aboon Traquair.

More pleasing far are Cowden-knows,
My peaceful happy home,
Where I was wont to milk my ewes,
At e'en among the broom.

Ye pow'rs, that haunt the woods and plains
Where Tweed and Tiviot flows,
Convey me to the best of swains,
And my lov'd Cowden-knows.

S O N G 233.

AS on a sun-shine summer's day
I to the greenwood bent my way;
The lonely path my fancy took
Was guided by a silver-brook;
And trust me, trust me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd and innocent.

Upon its flow'ry banks I sat,
Regardless of love or hate,
I took my pipe, and 'gan to play
The shepherd's merry roundelay:
And trust me, trust me, all I meant,
Was to be pleas'd and innocent.

All in the self-same shady grove
Youthful Sylvia chanc'd to rove;

And, by its echo led, drew near,
My rural oaten reed to hear :
But surely, surely all she meant,
Was to be pleas'd and innocent.

I gently took her hand—she gave
A look that did my soul enslave ;
I prest her ruby lips—in vain ;
They rose up to be prest again.
Thus happy, I no farther meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her soft breasts my hand I laid,
And a quick light impressiön made ;
They with a kindly warmth did glow,
And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow :
Yet, trust me, I no farther meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

In raptures, on her eyes I gaz'd,
While, sweetly blushing, she them rais'd ;
Each sense was ravish'd with delight,
And my soul stood prepar'd for flight :
Ah! blame me not, if then I meant
More to be pleas'd than innocent.



S O N G 234.

Sung in the WATERMAN.

THEN farewel my trim built wherry,
Oars, and coat and badge, farewel;
Never more at Chelsea Ferry,
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

But to hope and peace a stranger,
In the battle's heat I go;
Where exposed to every danger,
Some friendly ball shall lay me low.

Then, may hap, when homeward steering,
With the news my mess mates come,
Even you, the story hearing,
With a sigh may cry, poor Tom!

S O N G 235.

COLINET.

NOW the happy knot is ty'd,
Betsey is my charming bride!
Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul,
Who so fair as lovely Bet?
Who so blest as Colinet?

Now adieu to maiden arts,
Angling for unguarded hearts ;
Welcome Hymen's lasting joys,
Lisping wanton girls and boys ;
Girls, as fair as lovely Bet,
Boys, as sweet as Colinet.

Though ripe sheaves of yellow corn,
Now my plenteous barn adorn,
Though I've deck'd my myrtle bow'rs,
With the fairest, sweetest flow'rs ;
Riper, fairer, sweeter, yet,
Are the charms of lovely Bet !

Though on Sundays I was seen,
Dress'd like any May-day queen ;
Though six sweethearts daily strove,
To deserve thy Betty's love ;
Them I quit without regret ;
All my joy's in Colinet.

Strike up then the rustic lay,
Crown with sports our bridal day ;
May each lad a mistress find ;
Like my Betfy, fair and kind ;
And each lass a husband get,
Fond and true as Colinet.

Ring the bells, and fill the bowl,
Revel all without controul ;

May the sun ne'er rise or set,
But with joy to happy Bet,
But with joy to happy Bet,
And her faithful Colinet.

S O N G 236.

Sung in the DEVIL TO PAY.

Tune, Come let us prepare.

LET matters of state disquiet the great,
The cobbler has nought to perplex him;
Has nought but his wife to ruffle his life,
And her he can strap if she vex him.

He's out of the pow'r of Fortune, that whore,
Since low, as can be, she has thrust him.
From duns he's secure; for, being so poor,
There's none to be found that will trust him.

S O N G 237.

Sung in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Tune, Over the hills and far away.

WERE I laid on Greenland's coast,
And in my arms embrac'd my lass;
Warm amidst eternal frost,
Too soon the half year's nights would pass.

Were I sold on Indian soil,
 Soon as the burning day was clos'd,
 I could mock the sultry toil,
 When on my charmer's breast repos'd.

And I would love you all the day ;
 Every night would kiss and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stray
 Over the hills and far away.

S O N G 238.

I Ha'e laid a herring in fa't ;
 Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;
 I ha'e brew'd a forget o' mat,
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow ;
 Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tell me now ;
 I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,
 An' I canna come ilka day to woo.

I've a house on yonder muir ;
 Lafs, gin ye lo'e me tell me now ;
 Three sparrows may dance upon the floor ;
 And I cannot come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a butt and I ha'e a ben ;
 Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now ;
 I ha'e three chickens and a fat hen,
 And I canna come ony mair to woo.

I've a hen wi' a happity leg ;
 Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now ;
 Which ilka day lays me an egg,
 And I canna come ilka day to woo.
 I ha'e a kebbuck upon the shelf ;
 Lafs, gin ye lo'e me, tak me now ;
 I downa eat it a' myself
 And I winna come ony mair to woo.

S O N G 239.

NOW's the time for mirth and glee,
 Laugh and love and sing with me ;
 Cupid is my theme of story,
 'Tis his godship's fame and glory ;
 Ever bending to his law, ha ! ha !——ha !

 O'er the grave and o'er the gay,
 Cupid takes his share of play :
 He makes heroes quit their glory ;
 He's the god most fam'd in story :
 Bending then unto his law, ha ! ha !——ha !

 Sly the urchin deals in darts,
 Without pity piercing hearts :
 Cupid triumphs over passions,
 Not regarding modes or fashions.
 Firmly fix'd is Cupid's law, ha ! ha !——ha !

You may doubt these things are true ;
 But they're facts, 'twixt me and you.
 Then, young men and maids, be wary,
 How ye meet before you marry ;
 Cupid's will is solely law, ha ! ha !——ha !

SONG 240.

WAR'S ALARMS.

SINCE war's alarms entie'd my Willy from me,
 My poor heart with grief doth sigh ;
 Each fond remembrance heaps fresh sorrow on me,
 I awake ere yet the morning is nigh.
 No other cou'd delight him ;
 Ah, why did I ere flight him,
 Coldly answering his fond tale,
 Which drove him forth amidst the rage of wars,
 And left silly me thus to bewail !

But I no longer, tho' a maid forsaken,
 Thus will moan, like yonder dove ;
 For e'er the lark to morrow shall awaken,
 I will seek my absent love ;
 The hostile country over,
 I'll fly to seek my lover,
 Scorning ev'ry threat'ning fear ;
 Nor distant shore, nor canons roar,
 Shall longer keep me from my dear.

S O N G 241.

OH! send me Lewis Gordon hame,
And the lad I dare not name;
Altho' his back be at the wa',
Here's to him that's far awa.

*Hech hey! my Highland-man,
My handsome charming Highland-man,
Weel wou'd I my true love ken,
Among ten thousand Highland-men.*

Oh! to see his tartan-trews,
Bonnet blue, and high-heel'd shoes,
Philabeg aboon his knee,
And that's the Lad that I'll go wi'

Hech hey! &c.

This Lovely Lad I now do sing,
Is fitted for to be a King:
For on his breast he wears a star,
You'd take him for the god of war.

Hech hey! &c.

Oh! to see this Princely One,
Seated on a royal throne;
Our griefs wou'd then a' disappear,
We'd celebrate the Jub'lee-year.

Hech hey! &c.



S O N G 242.

THRO' THE WOOD, LADDIE.

O SANDY why leaves thou thy Nelly to mourn !
 Thy presence cou'd ease me,
 When naething can please me :

Thy presence cou'd ease me, &c.

Now dowie I sigh on the banks of the burn,
 Or thro' the wood, laddie, until thou return.

Thro' the wood, laddie, thro' the wood laddie.

Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,

Thro' the wood, laddie ;

Now dowie I sigh, &c.

Tho' woods now are bonny, and mornings are clear,
 While lav'rocks are singing,

And primroses springing ;

Yet nane of them pleases my eye or my ear,

When thro' the wood, laddie, ye dinna appear.

Thro' the wood, &c.

That I am forsaken, some spare not tell :

I'm fash'd wi' their scorning,

Baith ev'ning and morning :

Their jeering gaes aft to my heart wi' a knell,

When thro' the wood, laddie, I wander mysel'.

Thro' the wood, &c.

Then stay, my dear Sandy, nae langer away,
But quick as an arrow,
Haste here to thy marrow,
Wha's living in languor till that happy day,
When thro' the wood, laddie, we'll dance, sing,
and play.

Thro' the wood, &c.

S O N G 243.

THRO' THE WOOD, LASSIE.

ONELLY! no longer thy Sandy now mourn,
Let music and pleasure
Abound, without measure,
Let music and pleasure, &c.
O'er hillocks, or mountains, or low in the burn,
Or, thro' the wood, lassie, until thou return,
Thro' the wood, lassie, thro' the wood, lassie,
Thro' the wood, thro' the wood,
Thro the wood, lassie ;
O'er hillocks, or mountains, &c.

Since I have been absent from thee, my dear Nell,
No content, no delight,
Have I known day or night,
The murmuring stream, and the hill's echo, tell,
How thro' the wood, lassie, I breath'd my sad knell.
Thro' the wood, &c.

And now to all sorrow I'll bid full adieu,
 And, with joy, like a dove,
 I'll return to my love :
 The maxim of loving in truth let us know,
 Then thro' the wood lassie, we'll bonnyly go.

Thro' the wood, &c.

Come la's, and come lasses, be blithsome and gay,
 Let your hearts merry be,
 And both full of glee :
 The Highlands shall ring with the joy of the day,
 When thro' the wood, happy, we'll dance, sing
 and play.

Thro' the wood, &c.

S O N G 244.

Tune, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strac.

DEAR Roger, if your Jenny geck,
 And answer kindness with a slight,
 Seem unconcern'd at her neglect,
 For woman in a man delight :
 But them dispise who're soon defeat,
 And with a simple face give way
 To a repulse ; —then be not blate,
 Push bauldly on, and win the day.



When maidens, innocently young,
Say often what they never mean,
Ne'er mind their pretty lying tongue,
But tent the language of their een :
If these agree, and she persist
To answer all your love with hate,
Seek elsewhere to be better blest,
And let her sigh when 'tis too late.

S O N G 245.

THE MATRON'S WISH

WHEN my locks are grown hoary,
And my visage looks pale ;
When my forehead has wrinkles,
And my eye sight does fail :
Let my words and my actions
Be free from all harm,
And may I have my old husband
To keep my back warm.

*The pleasures of youth
Are flowers but of May ;
Our life's but a vapour,
Our body's but clay :
O let me live well,
Tho' I live but a day.*

With a sermon on Sunday
And a Bible of good print ;
With a pot on the fire,
And good viands in't ;
With ale, beer, and brandy,
Both winter and summer,
To drink to my gossip,
And be pledg'd by my cummer.

The pleasures of, &c.

With pigs and poultry,
And some money in store,
To purchase what's needful,
And to give to the poor ;
With a bottle of Canary
To sip without sin,
And to comfort my daughter
Whene'er she lyes in.

The pleasures of, &c.

With a bed soft and easy
To rest on at night,
With a maid in the morning
To rise with the light,
To do her work neatly,
And obey my desire,
To make the house clean,
And blow up the fire.

The pleasures of, &c.

With health and content,
And a good easy chair ;
With a thick hood and mantle,
When I ride on my mare.
Let me dwell near my cupboard,
And far from my foes,
With a pair of glass eyes
To clap on my nose.

The pleasures of, &c.

And when I am dead,
With a sigh let them say,
Our honett old cummer's
Now laid in the clay ;
When young, she was chearful,
No scold, nor no whore ;
She assisted her neighbours,
And gave to the poor.

*Tho' the flower of her youth
In her age did decay,
Tho' her life like a vapour,
Evanish'd away,
She liv'd well and happy
Unto her last day.*

S O N G 246.

IN a small country village, by nature compleat,
Of a few honest shepherds the quiet retreat,
There liv'd a young lass, of so lovely a mein,
Such seldom at balls or at courts can be seen.
The sweet damask-rose was full blown on her cheek,
The lily display'd all its white on her neck :
The lads of the village all strove to prevail,
And call'd her in raptures, *Sweet Nan of the vale.*

Young Hodge spoke his passion, till quite out of
breath,
Crying wounds, he could hug her and kiss her to
death ;
And Dick with her beauty was so much possess'd,
That he lothed his food, and abandon'd his rest.
But she cou'd find nothing in them to endear,
So sent them away with a flea in their ear ;
And said, no such boobies could tell a love tale,
Or bring to compliance sweet Naa of the vale.

Till young Roger, the smartest of all the gay green,
Who lately to London on a frolick had been,
Came home much improv'd in his air and address,
And boldly attack'd her, not fearing success.
He said, Heav'n form'd such ripe lips to be kiss'd ;
And press'd her so closely, she could not resist ;
And shew'd the dull clowns the right way to assail,
And brought to his wishes sweet Nan of the vale.

S O N G 247.

DEIL TAK' THE WARS.

DEIL tak the wars that hurried Billy from me,
Who to love me just had sworn ;
They made him captain sure to undo me :
Woe's me, he'll ne'er return.
A thousand louns abroad will fight him,
He from thousands ne'er will run ;
Day and night I did invite him,
To stay at home from sword and gun.
I us'd alluring graces,
With muckle kind embraces,
Now fighting, then crying, tears dropping fall ;
And had he my soft arms,
Preferr'd to war's alarms,
By love grown mad, without the man of God,
I fear in my fit I had granted all.

I wash'd and patch'd, to mak' me look provoking ;
Snares that they told me would catch the men,
And on my head a huge commode sat poking,
Which made me shew as tall again ;
For a new gowd too I paid muckle money,
Which with golden flow'rs did shine ;
My love weil might think me gay and bonny,
No Scots lass was e'er so fine.
My petticoat I spotted,
Fringe too with thread I knotted,
Lace shoes, and silk hose, garter full over knee ;

But oh ! the fatal thought,
 To Billy these are nought ;
 Who rode to town, and rifled with dragoons,
 When he, silly loon, might have plunder'd me.

S O N G 248.

Sung in the GENTLE SHEPHERD.

MY Peggy is a young thing,
 Just enter'd in her teens,
 Fair as the day, and sweet as May,
 Fair as the day, and always gay.
 My Peggy is a young thing,
 And I'm not very auld,
 Yet well I like to meet her at,
 The wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 Whene'er we meet alane.
 I wish nae mair to lay my care,
 I wish nae mair of a' that's rare,
 My Peggy speaks sae sweetly,
 To a' the leave I'm cauld ;
 But she gars a' my spirits glow,
 At wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy smiles sae kindly,
 Whene'er I whisper love,

That I look down on a' the town,
That I look down upon a crown,
My Peggy smiles fae kindly,
It makes me blyth and bauld,
And naething gi'es me sick delight,
As wauking of the fauld.

My Peggy sings fae fastly,
When on my pipe I play ;
By a' the rest it is confest,
By a' the rest, that she sings best :
My Peggy sings fae fastly,
And in her sangs are tald,
With innocence the wale of sense,
At wauking of the fauld.

S O N G 249.

JOCKEY.

MY laddie is gane far awa' o'er the plain,
While in sorrow behind I'm forc'd to remain ;
Tho' blue bells and v'lets the hedges adorn,
Tho' trees are in blossom, and sweet blows the thorn,
No pleasure they give me, in vain they look gay ;
There's nothing can please now, my Jockey's away ;
Forlorn I sit singing, and this is my strain,
Haste, haste, my dear Jockey to me back again.

When lads and their lasses are on the green met,
They dance and they sing, they laugh and they chat,
Contented and happy, with hearts full of glee,
I can't without envy their merriment see ;
Those pastimes offend me, my shepherd's not there,
No pleasure I relish that Jockey don't share ;
It makes me to sigh, I from tears scarce refrain ;
I wish my dear Jockey return'd back again.

But hope shall sustain me, nor will I despair,
He promis'd he wou'd in a fortnight be here ;
On fond expectation my wishes I'll feast,
For love, my dear Jockey, to Jenny will haste :
Then, farewell, each care, and adieu, each vain sigh,
Who'll then be so blest or so happy as I ;
I'll sing on the meadows, and alter my strain,
When Jockey returns to my arms back again.

SONG 250.

MY lodging it is on the cold ground,
And very hard is my fare ;
But that which troubles me most, is
The unkindness of my dear :
Yet still I cry, Oh, turn, love !
And I pr'ythee, love, turn to me ;
For thou art the man that I long for ;
And, alack ! what remedy ?

I'll crown thee with a garland of straw then,
And I'll marry thee with a rush-ring ;
My frozen hopes shall thaw then,
And merrily we will sing.
O turn to me, my dear love !
And I pr'ythee, love, turn to me ;
For thou art the man that alone canst
Procure my liberty.

But if thou wilt harden thy heart still,
And be deaf to my pitiful moan,
Then I must endure the smart still,
And tumble in straw all alone :
Yet still I cry, Oh, turn, love !
And I pr'ythee, love, turn to me ;
For thou art the man that alone art
The cause of my misery.

S O N G 251.

FOR ever, O merciless fair !
Will that cruel indifference endure ?
Can those eyes look me into despair,
And that heart be unwilling to cure ?

If I love, will you doom me to die ?
Or, if I adore you, upbraid ?
Can that breast the least pity deny
To the wretch which your beauty has made ?

How oft, what I felt to disguise,
Has my reason imperiously strove,
Till my soul almost fell from my eyes,
In the tears of the tenderest love!

Till render'd unable to flow,
By the tortures excess which I bore,
That nature sunk under the wo,
Or only recover'd to more.

Then, Delia, determine my fate,
Nor let me to madness be drove;
But, O do not tell me you hate,
If you e'en resolve not to love.

S O N G 252.

O Cease to mourn, unhappy youth!
Or think this bosom hard:
My tears, alas! must own your truth,
And wish it could reward.

Th' excess of unabating wo,
This tortur'd breast endures,
Too well, alas! must make me know
The pain that dwells in yours.

Condemn'd like you to weep in vain,
I seek the darkest grove,

And fondly bear the sharpest pain
Of never-hoping love.

My wasted day, in endless sighs,
No sound of comfort hears ;
And morn but breaks on Delia's eyes
To wake her into tears.

If sleep shou'd lend her friendly aid,
In fancy I complain,
And hear some sad, some wretched maid,
Or see some perjur'd swain.

Then cease thy suit, fond youth, O cease !
Or blame the fates alone ;
For how can I restore your peace,
Who quite have lost my own ?

S O N G 253.

WHEN Delia's eyes transfix'd my heart
With one resitless glance,
'Twas Love himself that aim'd the dart,
Tho' mortals call it Chance.

'Twas at the fatal birth-night ball
I saw her lead the dance ;
(Long deaf to youth and beauty's call,
I thither stroll'd by chance.)

I saw her, like the Queen of love,
With graceful step advance ;
She seem'd a partner fit for Jove,
Had Jove been there by chance.

No hireling nymph that treads the stage,
From Italy or France,
Could thus my raptur'd sight engage,
As Delia did by chance.

The stars that in such order move,
Amid'st heav'n's wide expanse,
Match'd with the motions of my love,
Might seem the work of chance.

As, when the spur is in his side,
The fiery steed will prance,
I struggled long my love to hide ;
But who can strive with chance ?

With wonder as I stood amaz'd,
Methought she look'd askance,
And smil'd upon me as I gaz'd ;
But, ah ! 'twas all by chance.

To raise my spirits, I retir'd,
And took a dram of Nantz ;
But, oh ! I found my breast more fir'd—
'Twere better trust to chance.

As to and fro I stroll'd about,
Wrapt up in amorous trance,

I tripp'd, and fell; the nymph, no doubt,
But smil'd at my mischance.

While thus I languish and look sad,
Like hero in romance,
You, lovely Delia, think me mad,
Nor pity me, perchance.

Yet for your sake, with any knight
That dares, I'll break a lance—
And if I perish in the fight,
Why—let me take my chance.

Would Delia but my wishes crown,
Nought could my bliss enhance;
Content for life, I'd sit me down,
And bless this lucky chance.

S O N G 254.

DEFEND my heart, ye virgin pow'rs,
From am'rous looks and smiles;
And shield me, in my gayer hours,
From love's destructive wiles:
In vain let sighs and melting tears
Employ their moving art,
Nor may delusive oaths and pray'rs
E'er triumph in my heart.

Let others, fond of empty praise,
Each wanton art display,
While fops and fools in raptures gaze,
And sigh their souls away :
Far other dictates I pursue,
(My bliss in virtue plac'd),
And seek to please the wiser few,
Who real worth can taste.

To fly, like bird, from grove to grove,
To wander like the bee ;
To sip of sweets, and taste of love,
Is not enough for me :
No flutt'ring passions wake my breast ;
I wish the place to find,
Where fate may give me peace and rest,
One shepherd to my mind.

To ev'ry youth I'll not be gay,
Nor try on all my pow'r ;
Nor future pleasures throw away,
In toyings for an hour.
I would not reign the general toast,
Be prais'd by all the town ;
A thousand tongues on me are lost,
I'll hear but only one.

For which of all the flatt'ring train,
Who swarm at beauty's shrine,
When youth's gay charms are in the wane,
Will court their sure decline ?

Then fops, and wits, and beaux, forbear,
Your arts will never do ;
For some fond youth shall be my care,
Life's chequer'd season through.

My little heart shall love a home,
A warm and shelter'd nest ;
No giddy flights shall make me roam
From where I most am blest :
With love, and only that, dear swain,
What tranquil joys I see !
Farewel, ye false, inconstant train !
For one is all to me.

S O N G 255.

WHILE from our looks, fair nymph, you guess
The secret passions of our mind ;
My heavy eyes, you say, confess,
A heart to love and grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas ! but little art,
To have this fatal secret found ;
With the same ease you threw the dart,
'Tis certain you may shew the wound.

How can I see you and not love,
While you as opening east are fair ?

While cold as northern blasts you prove,
How can I love, and not despair?

The wretch in double fetters bound
Your potent mercy may release:
Soon, if my love but once were crown'd,
Fair prophets, my grief would cease.

S O N G 256.

AROUND the spacious landscape rove,
The Naiads haunt, the Triton's bed,
Search every grot, and every grove,
Where art and nature beauties shade:

Whate'er is rich, whate'er is rare,
Whate'er is worthiest to be known,
Collect from sea, and earth, and air,
From fossil, plant, or precious stone.

While wonders then with wonders vie,
And latent miracles dispense;
While this attracts the raptur'd eye,
And that allures the ravish'd sense:

O come, in all thy native grace,
Maria come, and bless the view,
And every former beauteous trace
Shall vanish like the morning dew.

SONG 257.

THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

AS I sat at my spinning-wheel,
A bonny lad was passing by :
I view'd him round, and lik'd him weel,
For truth he had a glancing eye.
My heart new panting 'gan to feel,
But still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

With looks all kindness he drew near,
And still mair lovely did appear ;
And round about my slender waist
He clasp'd his arms, and me embrac'd :
To kiss my hand syne down did kneel,
As I sat at my spinning-wheel.

My milk-white hands he did extol,
And prais'd my fingers long and small,
And said, there was nae lady fair
That ever cou'd with me compare.
These words into my heart did steal,
But still I turn'd my spinning wheel.

Altho' I seemingly did chide,
Yet he wad never be deny'd,
But still declar'd his love the mair,
Untill my heart was wounded fair ;
That I my love could scarce conceal,
Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

My hanks of yarn, my rock and reel,
 My winnells and my spinaing-wheel;
 He bid me leave them a' with speed,
 And gang with him to yonder mead:
 My yielding heart strange flames did feel,
 Yet still I turn'd my spinning-wheel.

About my neck his arm he laid,
 And whisper'd Rife, my bonny maid,
 And with me to yon hay-cock go,
 I'll teach thee better wark to do.
 In trouth I loo'd the motion weel,
 And loot alane my spinning-wheel.

Amang the pleasant cocks of hay,
 Then with my bonny lad I lay;
 What lassie, young and fast as I,
 Cou'd sic a handsome lad deny?
 These pleasures I cannot reveal,
 That far surpass the spinning-wheel.

S O N G - 258.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

THE smiling morn, the breathing spring,
 Invite the tunefu' birds to sing;
 And while they warble from each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay;

Let us, Amanda, timely wise,
Like them improve the hour that flies,
And in fast raptures waste the day
Among the birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear;
At this thy lively bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade;
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters please no more:
And when they droop and we decay,
Adieu the birks of Invermay.

The lav'rocks now and lintwhites sing,
The rocks around wi' echoes ring,
The mavis and the blackbird vye
In tunefu' strains to glad the day;
The woods now wear their summer-suits,
To mirth a' nature now invites;
Let us be blythsome then, and gay,
Among the birks of Invermay.

Behold, the hills and vales around
With lowing herds and flocks abound;
The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams;
The busy bees with humming noise,
And a' the reptile kind rejoice;

Let us, like them, then sing and play
About the birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters, as they fa',
Loudly my love to gladness ca';
The wanton waves sport in the beams,
And fishes play throughout the streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him dance;
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks or Invermay.

S O N G 259.

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I,
Freely welcome to my cup,
Could'st thou sip, and sip it up:
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short, and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hast'ning quick to their decline;
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore:
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

S O N G 260.

HERE's a health to the king and a lasting peace,
May faction be damn'd, and discord cease :
Come, let us drink it, while we've breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that won't with this comply,

Down among the dead men,

Down among the dead men,

Down, down, down among the dead men, let him ly.

Now a health to the queen, and may she long
Be our first fair toast, to grace our song ;
Off wi' your hats, wi' your knee on the ground,
Take off your bumpers all around :
And he that will not drink his dry,

Down among, &c.

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found :
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman-hating crew :
And he that will this health deny,

Down among, &c.

Here's thriving to trade and the common-weal,
And patriots to their country leal ;
But who for bribes gives Satan his soul,
May he ne'er laugh o'er a flowing bowl :
And all that with such rogues comply,

Down among, &c.

In smiling Bacchus's joys I'll roll,
 Deny no pleasures to my soul :
 Let Bacchus's health round swiftly move ;
 For Bacchus is a friend to love :
 And he that doth this health deny,
 Down among, &c.

S O N G 261.

SUSANNA.

'T WAS when the seas were roaring
 With hollow blasts of wind,
 A damsel lay deploring,
 All on a rock reclin'd ;
 Wide o'er the foaming billows,
 She cast a wishful look ;
 Her head was crown'd with willows
 That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months were gone and over,
 And nine long tedious days ;
 Why didst thou vent'rous lover,
 Why didst thou trust the seas ?
 Cease, cease, thou troubled ocean,
 And let my lover rest ;
 Ah ! what's thy troubled motion
 To that within my breast ?

The merchant, rob'd of treasure,
Views tempests with despair ;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear ?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain ?
Why then, beneath the water
Do hideous rocks remain ?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wand'ring lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

Thus melancholy lying,
Thus vail'd she for her dear ;
Repaid each blatt with sighing,
Each billow with a tear :
When o'er the white waves stooping,
His floating corpse she spied ;
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head,—and died.



SONG 262.

*Sung in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.**Tune, Cotillon.*

YOUTH's the season made for joys,
 Love is then our duty ;
 She alone who that employs,
 Well deserves her beauty.
 Let's be gay, while we may,
 Beauty's a flower despis'd in decay ;
Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
 Our's is not to-morrow ;
 Love with youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but sorrow.
 Dance and sing, time's on the wing,
 Life never knows the return of spring.
 CHORUS. *Let us drink, &c.*

SONG 263.

Sung in the DEVIL TO PAY.

YE gods, ye gave to me a wife,
 Out of your grace and favour,
 To be the comfort of my life,
 And I was glad to have her.

But if your providence divine
For greater bliss design her,
T'obey your will, at any time,
I'm ready to resign her.

SONG 264.

FLOWERS OF THE FOREST.

I'VE heard a lilting at our ewes milking,
Lasses a' lilting before the break of day;
But now there's a moaning on ilka green loaning,
That our braw foresters are a' wede away.

At boughts, in the morning, nae blyth lads are
scorning,
The lasses are lonely, dowie, and wae;
Nae daffin, nae gabbin, but sighing and sabbin,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

At e'en, at the glomin, nae swankies are roaming
'Mongst stacks, with the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits dreary lamenting her deary,
The flowers of the forest that are a' wede away.

At har'ft, at the shearing, nae youngers are jeering,
The ban'fters are runkled, lyart, and grey;
At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching;
Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

O dool for the order, sent our lads to the border !
 The English, for ance, by guile gat the day ;
 The flower of the forest, that ay shone the foremost,
 The prime of our land, lies cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at our ewes milking,
 The women and bairns are dowie and wae,
 Sighing and moaping on ilka green loaning,
 Since our braw foresters are a' wede away.

S O N G 265.

Tune, *The foregoing.*

A DIEU ye streams that smoothly glide
 Through mazy windings o'er the plain,
 I'll in some lonely cave reside,
 And ever mourn my faithful swain.
 Flower of the forest was my love,
 Soft as the sighing summer's gale,
 Gentle and constant as the dove,
 Blooming as roses in the vale.

Alas ! by Tweed my love did stray,
 For me he search'd the banks around ;
 But ah ! the sad and fatal day,
 My love, the pride of swains, was drown'd.

Now droops the willow o'er the stream,
Pale stalks his ghost on yonder grove,
Dire fancy paints him in my dream,
Awake, I mourn my hopeless love.

S O N G 266.

To the same tune.

I'VE seen the smiling
Of fortune beguiling,
I've felt all its favours, and found its decay ;
I've seen, &c.

Sweet was its blessing,
Kind its careffing,
But now 'tis fled,—fled far away.
Sweet was, &c.

I've seen the forest
Adorned the foremost
With flowers of the fairest, most pleasant and gay ;
Sae bonny was their blooming,
Their scent the air perfuming ;
But now they are withered and weeded away.

I've seen the morning
With gold the hills adorning,
And loud tempest storming before the middle day.
I've seen, &c.

I've seen Tweed's silver streams
 Shining in the sunny beams ;
 Grow drumbly and dark as he row'd on his way.
I've seen, &c.

O fickle fortune !
 Why this cruel sporting ?
 O why still perplex us, poor sons of a day ?
 Nae mair your smiles can cheer me,
 Nae mair your frowns can fear me,
 For the flowers of the forest are withered away.

S O N G 267.

Sung in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Tune, What shall I do to show how much, &c.

VIRGINS are like the fair flower in its lustre,
 Which in the garden enamels the ground ;
 Near it the bees in play flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
 To Covent-Garden 'tis seat (as yet sweet,)
 There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all en-
 during,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

S O N G 268.

WHERE a fair mead its verdure spread,
Damon, a swain, did Celia woo :
Never was seen, on mead or green,
A nymph more fair, or swain more true.

In humble strain he told his pain,
And su'd as faithful lovers sue ;
The humbler he, the loftier she ;
For she was fair, and he was true.

Beauty, he cry'd, is short-liv'd pride,
The wonder of a year or two—
In vain he tries to moralize ;
She still is fair, and he is true.

The muse's aid he gently pray'd ;
What may not love and verse subdue ?
Nor verse nor love her heart can move ;
She still is fair, and he is true.

The pink, the rose, for her he chose,
Narcissus white, and violet blue :
Unheeded lie their sweets, and die ;
For she was fair, and he was true.

Be thine, he said, as nigh they play'd,
These my twin lambkins with their ewe :
She look'd ; that look her meaning spoke ;
For she was fair, and he was true.

Must no regard his love reward ?
 To constancy is nothing due ?
 Nor thought nor care, be she but fair,
 Has Celia, be he false or true.

With silent tide the years they glide ;
 Thy glories, Celia, now are few :
 When those are past, his love shall last ;
 And shall not he be counted true ?

What once thou wert, his faithful heart
 In blooming likeness shall renew :
 He still shall there record you fair ;
 And shall not he be counted true.

When in his breast thy charms express,
 Shall still their virgin lustre shew ;
 Know, Celia, know to whom you owe
 Those charms, and own that he is true.

S O N G 269.

To the Tune of, A Cobler there was, &c.

GR E A T Jupiter took it one day in his head
 To send forth a messenger, as it is said,
 To search every place, and to strictly inquire
 Where the goddess Fidelity chose to retire.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

Nimble Mercury, straight as a messenger dress'd,
A punctual obedience to orders express'd,
And promis'd great Jove he would certainly find
Where she was, if with Deities or with mankind.

Derry down, &c.

Then down flew the god to fam'd Cythera's grove,
In hopes of some news from the young god of love;
Who at first could not tell how to make a reply,
But, at last, told the truth, tho' accustom'd to lie.

I'm ignorant, Faith, says the little arch urchin,
What place for Fidelity, you must go search in;
But I'm vastly surpris'd you should think here to
find her,

When you know that my mother and I never mind
her.

This answer not suiting at all to his taste,
Away then to Hymen does Mercury haste:
But, what ignorance here did he shew of mankind,
To imagine Fidelity there he should find.

Again disappointed, he made no long stay,
But, with expedition, continued his way;
Yet thought that perhaps it might answer his end,
If inquiry he made at the goddess of Friends.

But vain were his hopes in his search here likewise,
For his hostess thus answer'd, with tears in her eyes,
Alas! honest friend, this goddess so dear,
For whom you inquire, is seldom seen here.

In one only place you can find her on earth,
So hasten away to the Sons of True Mirth;
To a lodge of FREE MASONS immediate repair,
And no manner of doubt but you'll meet with her
there.

S O N G 270.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Cloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd; Euphelia frown'd:
I sung and gaz'd; I play'd and trembled:
And Venus, to the loves around
Remark'd how ill we all assembled.

S O N G 271.

WITH my holyday gown, and my new fashion'd
hat,

Last Monday I went to the fair ;
I held up my head, and I'll tell you for what,
Young Roger I thought wou'd be there.
He wooes me to marry whene'er we do meet,
Sure honey does dwell on his tongue ;
And indeed he's so handsome, so mild and discreet,
That I w. w, wou'd, that I w, w, wou'd, that,
I'd marry if I were not too young.

He whispers such soft pretty things in mine ear,
He vows, and he sighs, and implores ;
Such ribbons he bought me, such trinkets and ware,
'Till, trust me, my pockets ran o'er :
A song too he bought me, the best he could find,
With which I was mightily flung.

And indeed, &c.

The fun being declined, it was time to retire,
My cottage being distant a mile,
I rose from my chair, Roger bow'd like a Squire,
And he handed me over the stile :
His arms he threw round me, love play'd in his
looks,

While we walked the meadows along.

And indeed, &c.

S O N G 272.

HARK ! hark ! the joy inspiring horn,
Salutes the rosy rising morn,
And echoes thro' the dale ;
With clam'rous peals the hills resound,
The hounds quick-scented scour the ground,
And snuff the fragrant gale.

No gates nor hedges can impede,
The high brisk mettled starting steed,
The jovial pack pursue ;
Like lightning darting o'er the plains,
The distant hills with speed he gains,
And sees the game in view.

Her path the timid hare forsakes,
And to the copse for shelter makes,
There pants a while for breath ;
When now the noise alarms her ear,
Her haunt's descry'd, her fate is near,
She sees approaching death.

Directed by the well known breeze,
The hounds their trembling victim seize,
She faints, she falls, she dies ;
The distant coursers now come in,
And join the loud triumphant din,
'Till echo rend the skies.

S O N G 273.

ARTFUL CHLOE.

AS once on little Chloe's knee, in chat,
The little playful Cupid sat,
His arrows tip'd with smiles he found,
And shot the random shafts around.

Young Strephon smil'd the god to see :
And cry'd, blind archer, shoot at me :
Full of the wanton, touch'd with pride,
Took aim, but Strephon slept aside.

Designing Chloe cry'd forbear,
And vow'd their contest now unfair,
As Cupid's blind, young swain, said she,
Unjust it is that you should see.

The daring shepherd strait comply'd,
And blindfold now the god defy'd ;
While Chloe level'd right his dart,
And struck out-witted Strephon's heart.

S O N G 274.

WHEN I've a sixpence under my thumb',
Then I'll get credit in ilka town :

But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by ;
O! poverty parts good company.

Todlen hame, todlen hame

Cou'dna my love come todlen hame ?

Fair fa' the goodwife, and fend her good sale,
She gi'es us white bannocks to drink her ale,
Syne if her typpony chance to be sma',
We'll tak' a good scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,

As round as a neep come todlen hame.

My kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And twa pint-stoups at our bed-feet ;
And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry :
What think you of my wee kimmer and I ?

Todlen butt and todlen ben,

Sae round as my love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on liquor, my todlen dow,
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when weeting your
mou ;

When sober, sae four, ye'll fight wi' a flee,
That it's a blyth fight to the bairns and me.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,

When round as a neep ye come todlen hame.



S O N G 275.

YES, fairest proof of beauty's pow'r,
Dear idol of my panting heart !
Nature points this my fatal hour :
And I have liv'd ; and we must part.

While now I take my last adieu,
Heave thou no sigh, nor shed a tear ;
Lest yet my half clos'd eye may view
On earth an object worth its care.

From jealousy's tormenting strife
For ever be thy bosom freed ;
That nothing may disturb thy life,
Content I hasten to the dead.

Yet when some better-fated youth
Shall with his amorous parly move thee ;
Reflect one moment on his truth
Who, dying thus, persists to love thee.

S O N G 276.

WHERE is pleasure, tell me where ?
What can touch my breast with joy ?
All around the spacious sphere,
Let my muse her search employ.

Wealth, thy shining stores produce,
Heap'd in golden mountains rise ;
Thee let senseless misers choose,
Thou canst ne'er allure my eyes.

Honour, let thy chariot roll,
Deck'd with titles, pageants, arms ;
Thou may'st charm th' ambitious soul ;
But for me thou hast no charms.

Ruddy Bacchus, try thy pow'r,
Gaily laugh astride thy tun ;
Thee let frantic bards adore,
Pleasure thou for me hast none.

Only Delia, gentle fair,
Can the precious boon bestow ;
Give, ye pow'rs ! O give me her !
She's the all I ask below.

S O N G 277.

THE MILKING PAIL.

YE nymphs and sylvan gods,
That love green fields and woods,
When spring newly born herself does adorn
With flowers and blooming buds :
Come sing in the praise while flocks do graze
On yonder pleasant vale,

Of those that chuse to milk their ewes,
And in cold dews, with clouted shoes,
To carry the milking pail.

Ye goddess of the morn,
With blushes you adorn,
And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare,
A concert on each green thorn :
The blackbird and thrush, on every bush ;
And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein, their throats do strain,
To entertain the jolly train,
Of those of the milking pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
And flowers will spring no more,
The fields that were seen so pleasant and green,
With winter's all candied o'er.
See how the town lass looks with her white face,
And her lips so deadly pale ?
But it is not so, with those that go,
Thro' frost and snow, with cheeks that glow,
And carry the milking pail.

The miss of courtly mold,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,
With washes and paint her skin does so taint,
She's wither'd before she's old :
While she of commode puts on a cart-load,
And with cushions plumps her tail.

What joys are found in rushy ground,
Young, plump and round, nay, sweet and sound,
Of those of the milking pail.

Ye girls of Venus game,
That venture health and fame,
In practising feats with cold and heats,
Make lovers grow blind and lame :
If men were so wise to value the prize
Of wares most fit for sale,
What store of beaux would daub their cloaths,
To save a nose, by following of those,
Who carry the milking pail ?

The country lad is free,
From fears and jealousy,
Whilst, upon the green, he is often seen,
With his lass upon his knee ;
With kisses most sweet he doth her treat,
And swears she'll ne'er grow stale :
But the London lass, in every place,
With brazen face, despises the grace,
Of those with the milking pail.

S O N G 278.

COME all you young lovers who wan with de-
spair,
Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for the fair ;

Who puff up their pride by inhancing their charms,
And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in their arms ;
Be wise by example, take pattern from me ;
For let what will happen, by Jove I'll be free.
For let what will happen, &c.

When I in the net by young Daphne was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as custom had taught ;
I prefs'd her to blifs, which she granted full soon,
But the date of my passion expir'd with the moon.
She said she was ruin'd ; I said it might be,
I'm sorry, my dear ; but by Jove, &c.

The next was young Phillis as bright as the morn :
The love that I proffer'd she treated with scorn ;
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her my mind,
That none can be handsome but such as are kind.
Her pride and ill-nature were lost upon me ;
For, in spite of fair faces, by Jove, &c.

Let others call marriage the harbour of joys,
Calm peace I delight in, and fly from all noise.
Some chuse to be hamper'd, it is a strange rage,
And like birds they sing best when confin'd in a cage:
Confinement's the devil ; 'twas ne'er made for me :
Let who will be bound slaves, by Jove, &c.

Then let each brisk bumper run over the glass,
In a toast to the young and the beautiful lass,
Who yielding and easy prescribes no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover should cool ;

Let us bill like the sparrow, and rove like the bee;
For in spite of grave lessons, by Jove I'll be free.

S O N G 279.

The ANSWER.

HOW dare you, bold Strephon, presume thus
to prate,

And lash the fair sex at this monstrous rate,
To boast of your freedom, since not long ago
That you was a slave to fair Chloe you know?
When the next arrow comes, I wish't be from me,
Then I'd give you that answer, *By Jove I'll be free.*

You say, that young Daphne you brought to disgrace;

I thank my kind stars, that is none of my case:
I'll take special care, Sir, of yielding too soon,
Nor will I despair at the change of the moon;
It ne'er was in your power yet to ruin me,
So I tell you with courage, *By Jove I'll be free.*

The next was young Phillis, whom beauties adorn;
She serv'd you but right, Sir, to treat you with scorn.
When the fox could not get the sweet grapes in
his pow'r,

He gave them a curse, and he said they were sour.

So those nymphs that are wise, Sir, and won't
ruin'd be,

With spleen you despair of, yet cry, *I'll be free.*

Although you make sport, Sir, of the marriage-
state,

Remember, proud Strephon, it may be your fate ;
In the height of your fever, your pains to assuage,
When there's no other way, you'll be glad of a
cage.

When mirth, wine, and music no cordials can be,
May the fair one answer, *By Jove I'll be free.*

I wish that all women would follow my rule ;
Then soon, haughty Strephon, you'd look like a
fool.

When Cupid has shot with a well-pointed dart,
And made an impression upon your vain heart,
When trembling and pale, you approach the fair she,
May she answer you coldly, *by Jove I'll be free.*

But give me the man that can love without feint,
(For natural beauty is far beyond paint),
Who thinks it a blessing to settle for life,
And knows how to value a virtuous wife ;
With patience I'll wait till I find the kind he,
And then I'll no longer desire to be free.

S O N G 280.

O What a charming thing's a battle !
Trumpets sounding, drums a-beating ;
Crack, crick, crack, the cannon's rattle,
Ev'ry heart with joy elating.
With what pleasure are we spying,
From the front and from the rear,
Round us in the smoky air,
Heads, and limbs, and bullets flying !
Then the French and Dutchmen falling,
Just like sparrows as it were,
At each pop,
Hundreds drop ;
While the muskets prittle prattle :
Kill'd and wounded
Lie confounded ;
O what a charming thing's a battle !
But the pleasant joke of all,
Is when to close attack we fall ;
Like mad bulls each other butting,
Shooting, pushing, maiming, cutting ;
Horse and foot,
All go to't ;
Kill's the word, both men and cattle ;
Then to plunder :
Blood and thunder.
O what a charming thing's a battle !

S O N G 281.

AT noon on a sultry summer's day,
The brighter lady of the May,
Young Chloris, innocent and gay,
Sat knotting in the shade.

Each slender finger play'd its part
With such activity and art,
As would inflame a youthful heart,
And warm the most decay'd.

Her fav'rite swain by chance came by ;
He saw no anger in her eye ;
Yet when the bashful boy drew nigh,
She would have seem'd afraid.

She let her ivory needle fall,
And hurl'd away the twisted ball ;
But straight gave Strephon such a call,
As would have rais'd the dead.

Dear gentle youth is't none but thee ?
With innocence I dare be free :
By so much truth and modesty
No nymph was e'er betray'd.

Come, lean thy head upon my lap,
While thy smooth cheeks I stroke and clap,
Thou may'st securely take a nap :
Which he poor soul ! obey'd.

She saw him yawn, and heard him snore ;
And found him fast asleep all o'er !
She sigh'd, and could endure no more ;
But, starting up, she said,

Such virtue shall rewarded be ;
For this thy dull fidelity,
I'll trust thee with my flocks, not me ;
Pursue thy grazing trade.

Go, milk thy goats, and shear thy sheep,
And watch all night thy flocks to keep :
Thou shalt no more be lull'd asleep
By me forsaken maid.

S O N G 282.

WHEN first I came to be a man,
Of twenty years or so,
I thought myself a handsome youth,
And fain the world would know ;
In best attire I stept abroad,
With spirits brisk and gay,
And here, and there, and ev'ry where,
Was like a morn in May.
No care I had for fear of want,
But rambl'd up and down ;
And for a beau I might have past
In country or in town ;

I still was pleas'd where'er I went ;
And when I was alone,
I tun'd my pipe, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

Now, in the days of youthful prime,
A mistress I must find ;
For love they say, gives one an air,
And ev'n improves the mind :
On Phillis, fair above the rest,
Kind fortune fix'd my eyes ;
Her piercing beauty struck my heart,
And she became my choice :
To Cupid then, with hearty pray'r,
I offer'd many a vow,
And danc'd and sung, and sigh'd and swore,
As other lovers do :
But when at last I breath'd my flame,
I found her cold as stone ;
I left the girl, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

When love had thus my heart beguil'd
With foolish hopes and vain,
To friendship's port I steer'd my course,
And laugh'd at lovers' pain :
A friend I got by lucky chance,
'Twas something like divine ;
An honest friend's a precious gift,
And such a gift was mine.

And now, whatever might betide,
A happy man was I ;
In any strait I knew to whom
I freely might apply :
A strait soon came, my friend I try'd,
He laugh'd and spurn'd my moan ;
I hy'd me home, and pleas'd myself
With John of Badenyon.

What next to do, I mus'd a while,
Still hoping to succeed :
I pitch'd on books for company,
And gravely tried to read ;
I bought and borrow'd ev'ry where,
And study'd night and day ;
Nor mis'd what dean or doctor wrote,
That happen'd in my way.
Philosophy I now esteem'd
The ornament of youth,
And carefully, thro' many a page,
I hunted after truth :
A thousand various schemes I try'd,
And yet was pleas'd with none ;
I threw them by, and tun'd my pipe
To John of Badenyon.

And now, ye youngsters, ev'ry where,
Who want to make a show,
Take heed in time, nor vainly hope
For happiness below ;

What you may fancy pleasure here,
Is but an empty name ;
For friendship, love, and learning deep,
You'll find them all the same.
Then be advis'd and warning take
From such a man as me ;
I'm neither pope nor cardinal,
Nor one of high degree ;
You'll find displeasure ev'ry where :
Then do as I have done ;
E'en tune your pipe, and please yourself
With John of Badenyon.

S O N G 283.

MAGGIE'S TOCHER.

THE meal was dear short syne,
We buckled us a' the gither ;
And Maggie was in her prime,
When Willie made courtship till her.
Twa pistols charg'd be guests,
To gi'e the courting shot ;
And syne came ben the las,
Wi' swats drawn frae the butt.
He first speir'd at the guidman,
And syne at Giles the mither,
An ye wad gie's a bit land,
We'd buckle us e'en the gither.

My doughter ye shall hae,
I'll gi'e ye her by the hand ;
But I'll part wi' my wife, by my fai',
Or I part wi' my land.
Your tocher it fall be good,
There's nane fall hae its mak',
The las bound in her snood,
And crummie wha kens her staik ;
Wi' an auld bedding o' claihs,
Was left me by my mither,
They're jet black o'er wi' fleas,
Ye may cuddle in them the gither.

Ye speak right weel guidman,
But ye maun mend your hand,
And think o' modesty,
Gin ye'll not quat your land.
We are but young, ye ken,
And now we're gaun the gither,
A hōuse is but and ben,
And crummie will want her fother.
The bairns are coming on,
And they'll cry, O their mither !
We've nouthier pat nor pan,
But four bare legs the gither.

Your tocher's be good enough,
For that ye needna fear,
Twa good filts to the plough,
And ye yoursel' mana steer :

Ye fall hae twa good pocks
That ance were o' the tweel,
The ane to ha'd the grots,
The ither to ha'd the meal :
Wi' an auld kist made o' wands,
And that fall be your coffer,
Wi' aiken woody bands,
And that may ha'd your tocher.

Consider well, guidman,
We hae but borrow'd gear,
The horse that I ride on
Is Sandy Wilfon's mare ;
The saddle's nane o' my ain,
And thae's but borrow'd boots,
And whan that I gae hame,
I maun tak' to my coots ;
The cloak is Geordy Watt's,
That gars me look sae crouse ;
Come, fill us a cogue of swats,
We'll niak nae mair toom roose.

I like you weel, young lad,
For telling me sae plain,
I married whan little I had
O' gear that was my ain.
But since that things are sae,
The bride she maun come forth,
Tho' a' the gear she'll hae
'Twill be little worth.

A bargain it maun be,
 Fy cry on Giles the mither ;
 Content am I, quoth she,
 E'en gar the hiffie come hither.

The bride she gade to her bed,
 The bridegroom he came till her ;
 The fiddler crap in at the fit,
 And they cuddl'd it a' the gither.

S O N G 284.

AH ! why did Jockey gang away,
 And leave his love behind him,
 So far in distant climes to stray,
 When Jane could never find him ?
 Where thund'ring cannons they do roar
 And drums so loudly rattle ;
 Where verdant fields are all in gore,
 By some most furious battle.

Ye guardian Pow'rs ! my Jockey save
 When danger's fix'd around him ;
 For oh ! in arms 'tis known how brave
 His lairds have always found him.
 There's ne'er a lad in a' the town
 Can boast his equal merit ;
 He'll ever fight for England's crown
 With loyalty and spirit.

Oh ! had I known the cruel wars
 So long had kept my laddy,
 I'd gang wi' him, tho' e'er so far,
 In a' my best of plaidy ;
 But hark ! I hear the fifes, the drums,
 Oh ! joy beyond expression !
 My lovely soldier, see ! he comes,
 I'll fly for to carefs him.

S O N G 285.

Sung in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Tune, Green Sleeves.

SINCE laws were made for ev'ry degree,
 To curb vice in others as well as in me,
 I wonder we ha'nt better company
 Upon Tyburn tree.

But gold from law can take out the sting ;
 For if rich men like us were to swing,
 'Twould thin the land such numbers to string
 Upon Tyburn tree.

The lawyer, who's bias'd by money or spleen,
 Wou'd cut a good figure, if once he was seen,
 Where most of his brethren deserve to have been,
 Upon Tyburn tree.

The methodist preacher, who makes it his care
To plunge his audience into despair,
Deserves to finish his funeral pray'r
Upon Tyburn tree.

The quack too, who makes it his study to kill,
Man, woman, and child, with his poisonous pill,
Deserves to be dragg'd, tho' much 'gainst his will,
Upon Tyburn tree.

The creditor who will no longer stay,
When his debtor has will, but no pow'r to pay,
Deserves in his turn to be hurried away
Unto Tyburn tree.

The tailor, who cheats you behind and before,
And instead of three yards will charge you for four,
Would think it damn'd hard to finish his score
Upon Tyburn tree.

But don't you think that he merits full well
To be tied in a cart, and hear his own knell:
Oh, how poor snip would think of his hell
Upon Tyburn tree!

Whoe'er, when the minor's last shilling is spent,
Lends money on premium, and fifty per cent.
Deserves to receive his last punishment
Upon Tyburn tree.

The jolly churchwarden, and overseer too,
Who pocket one half of the parish's due,
Deserve to be nubb'd, and made look askew
Upon Tyburn tree.

The man who wishes his country oppress'd,
Who gives up his king or his friend when distress'd,
Deserves to be halter'd, and swing with the rest
Upon Tyburn tree.

In short, were mankind their merits to have,
Could justice mark out each particular knave,
Two thirds o' the creation would sing the last slave
Upon Tyburn tree.

S O N G 286.

RUSSEL'S TRIUMPH.

THURSDAY, in the morn, the nineteenth of May,
Recorded for ever the famous ninety two,
Brave Russel did discern, by dawn of day,
'The lofty sails of France advancing now ;
All hands aloft, aloft, let English valour shine,
Let fly a culverin, the signal for the line ;
Let every hand supply his gun,
Follow me, and you'll see,
That the battle will be soon begun.

Tourville on the main triumphant rowl'd,
To meet the gallant Ruffel in combat on the deep,
He led a noble train of heroes bold,
To sink the English Admiral at his feet.
Now every valiant mind to victory doth aspire,
The bloody fight's begun, the sea is all on fire;
And mighty Fate stood looking on,
Whilst a flood all of blood,
Fill'd the scuppers of the Rising Sun.

Sulphur, smok, and fire, disturbing the air,
With thunder and wonder affright the Gallic shore;
Their regulated bands stood trembling near,
To see the lofty streamers now no more:
At six o'clock, the Red, the smiling victors led,
To give a second blow, the fatal overthrow:
Now death and horror equal reign,
Now they cry, run or die,
British colours ride the vanquish'd main.

See they fly, amaz'd, thro' rocks and sands,
One danger they grasp at to shun the greater fate,
In vain they cry for aid to weeping lands,
The nymphs and sea-gods mourn their lost estate.
For ever more adieu, thou dazling Rising Sun,
From thy untimely end thy Master's fate begun:
Enough, thou mighty God of War!
Now we sing, bless the King!
Let us drink to every British tar.

S O N G 287.

SOON as the day begins to waste,
Straight to the well known door I haste,
And, rapping there, I'm forc'd to stray,
While Molly hides her work with care,
Adjusts her tucker and her hair,
And nimble Beckie scours away.

Ent'ring, I see in Molly's eyes
A sudden smiling joy arise,
As quickly check'd by virgin shame :
She drops a curt'sy, steals a glance,
Receives a kiss, one step advance,
If such I love, am I to blame ?

I sit, and talk of twenty things,
Of South-sea stock, or death of kings,
While only Yes or No cries Molly ;
As cautious she conceals her thoughts,
As others do their private faults ;
Is this her prudence, or her folly ?

Parting, I kiss her lip and cheek,
I hang about her snowy neck,
And say, Farewel, my dearest Molly :
Yet still I hang, and still I kiss,
Ye learned sages, say, is this
In me th' effect of love, or folly ?

No ; both by sober reason move,
She prudence shews, and I true love,
No charge of folly can be laid :
Then, till the marriage rites proclaim'd
Shall join our hands, let us be nam'd
The constant swain, and virtuous maid.

SONG 288.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me ;
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how,
The pleasing plague stole on me.
'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel ;
'Tis not her shape for there the fates,
Have rather been uncivil.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than common ;
'Tis not her sense, for that's but chat,
Like any other woman.
Her voice, her touch, might give th' alarm ;
'Tis both perhaps, or neither ;
In short, 'tis that provoking charm
Of Celia altogether.

S O N G 289.

B O N N Y J E A N.

LOVE's goddess, in a myrtle grove,
Said, Cupid, bend thy bow with speed,
Nor let thy shaft at random rove,
For Jenny's haughty heart maun bleed.
The smiling boy, with art divine,
From Paphos shot an arrow keen,
Which flew, unerring, to the heart,
And kill'd the pride of bonny Jean.

Nae mair the nymph with haughty air,
Refuses Willy's kind address;
Her yielding blushes shew nae care,
But too much fondness to suppress.
Nae mair the youth is sullen now,
But looks the gayest on the green,
Whilst ev'ry day he spies some new
Surprising charms in bonny Jean.

A thousand transports crowd his breast,
He moves as light as fleeting wind;
His former sorrows seem a jest,
Now when his Jenny is turn'd kind;
Riches he looks on wi' disdain,
The glorious fields of war look mean;
The chearful hound and horn give pain,
If absent from his bonny Jean.

The day he spends in am'rous gaze,
 Which ev'n in summer shorten'd seems;
 When sunk in downs, wi' glad amaze,
 He wonders at her in his dreams.
 A' charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than Troy's fair prize, the Spartan Queen,
 Wi' breaking day he lifts his sight,
 And pants to be wi' bonny Jean.

S O N G 290.

Sung in the DESERTER.

THOUGH prudence may press me,
 And duty distress me,
 Against inclination, O! What can they do?
 No longer a rover,
 His follies are over,
 My heart, my fond heart, says my Henry is true.

The bee, thus as changing,
 From sweet to sweet, ranging,
 A rose should he light on, ne'er wishes to stray;
 With raptures possessing,
 In one every blessing,
 'Till torn from her bosom, he flies far away.

S O N G 291.

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn ;
The hounds all join in jovial cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
Then to hunting let us go, &c.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, to make him stay :
“ My dear, it hails, it rains, it blows,
“ You cannot hunt to day !”
But to hunting we will go, &c.

Th’ uncavern’d fox like lightning flies,
His cunning’s all awake ;
To gain the race he eager tries,
His forfeit life the stake !
When to hunting we do go, &c.

Arous’d, e’en echo huntress turns,
And madly shouts her joy ;
The sportsman’s breast, enraptur’d, burns,
The chace can never cloy.
Then to hunting we will go, &c.

Despairing, mark, he seeks the tide ;
His art can’t yet prevail ;
For shouts the miscreant’s death betide,
His speed, his cunning, fail !
When to hunting we do go, &c.

For, lo ! his strength to faintness worn,
 The hounds arrest his flight ;
 Then weary homewards we return,
 To drink away the night.
 Then to drinking we will go, &c.

S O N G 292.

HARD is the fate of him who loves,
 Yet dares not tell his trembling pain,
 But to the sympathetic groves,
 But to the lonely list'ning plain.

Oh, when she blesses next your shade,
 Oh, when her footsteps next are seen
 In flow'ry tracks along the mead,
 In fresher mazes o'er the green.

Ye gentle spirits of the vale,
 To whom the tears of love are dear,
 From dying lilies waft a gale,
 And sigh my sorrows in her ear.

O, tell her what she cannot blame,
 Tho' fear my tongue must ever bind ;
 Oh, tell her, that my virtuous flame
 Is as her spotless soul refin'd.

Not her own guardian angel eyes
 With chaster tenderness his care,

Not purer her own wishes rise,
Not holier her own sighs and prayers.

But if at first, her virgin fear,
Should start at love's suspected name,
With that of friendship soothe her ear—
True love and friendship are the same.

S O N G 293.

THE LASS OF HOWGATE.

Tune, 'The bonniest Lass in a' the World.

FRAE Peebles town as I did pass
To where Edina rises,
'Twas then I spy'd this lovely lass,
Whose every charm surprises.

Awake, awake, thou rural reed
That charm'd the braes of Yarrow ;
Forgo a while thy dear lov'd Tweed
To chant this matchless marrow.

Her raven locks, her sparkling e'en
Of love that speak sic pleasure ;
Her cheek that bears the roses sheen,
Her mouth its fragrant treasure.

Wi' pearl and gold let ladies crown
Ilk soul subduing feature,

Fair Nature's lavish hand alone
Adorns this blooming creature.

Tho' Pope to sing his Molly Mog
Thought not below his duty,
To this sweet maid the rosy rogue
Would yield the prize of beauty.

Go then, my sang, and tell each swain
The Howgate inn that passes,
That Beauty their enjoys her reign
The flow'r of Lothian lasses.

S O N G 294.

Sung in the BEGGAR'S OPERA.

Tune, Cold and raw, &c.

IF any Wench Venus's girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly;
Lilies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wondrous smugly.

Beneath the left ear so fit but a cord,
(A rope so charming a Zone is!)
The youth in his cart hath the air of a lord,
And we cry, There dies an Adonis!



S O N G 295.

THE silent night her fables wore,
And gloomy were the skies ;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She, shrouded only with her smock,
Arose, and loot me in.

Fast lock'd within my close embrace,
She trembling stood asham'd ;
Her swelling breast and glowing face,
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win ;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield, and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy ;
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest'd a man was I.
And she, all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again ;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry night
She'd rise, and let me in.

Eut, ah ! at last she prov'd wi' bairn,
And fighting fat and dull ;

And I, that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en just like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin :
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e'er she loot me in.

But who could cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part ?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The charmer of my heart ;
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime,
Thus all was well again.
And now she thanks the happy time
That e'er she loot me in.

SONG 296.

I AM a brisk young lively lass,
A little more than twenty ;
And by my comely air and mein,
I can have sweethearts plenty :
But I'll beware of wedlock's snare,
Tho' dying swains adore me ;
The men I'll tease, myself to please,
My mother did so before me.

In rich brocades and diamonds bright,
Like gayest springs delighting,

My parts and humour shall unite,
To make me more inviting.
For I'll advance, and learn to dance,
To please shall be my glory ;
I'll learn to trace each step with grace,
My mother, &c.

I'll dress as fine as fine can be,
My pride shall be my pleasure ;
And tho' the neighbours envy me,
To mind them I've no leisure.
I'll take delight both day and night
To be talk'd of in story ;
I'll have it said, There shines a maid ;
My mother, &c.

To park and play I'll often go,
To spend each leisure hour ;
I'll walk and talk with ev'ry beau,
And make them feel my pow'r.
But if a dart should pierce my heart,
From one that does adore me,
We'll wed and kiss ; what harm's in this ?
My mother, &c.

Then will I manage, when I wed,
My husband to perfection ;
For, as good wives have often said,
Keep husbands in subjection.

No snarling fool shall o'er me rule,
 Or e'er eclipse my glory :
 I'll let him see I'll mistress be ;
 My mother did so before me.

S O N G 267.

THE CARELESS LOVER.

THE women all tell me I'm false to my lass,
 That I quit my poor Chloe, and stick to my glass :
 But to you men of reason, my reasons I'll own,
 And if you don't like them, why—let them alone.

Altho' I have left her, the truth I'll declare,
 I believe she was good, and I'm sure she was fair ;
 But goodness and charms in a bumper I see,
 That make it as good, and as charming as she.

My Chloe had dimples and smiles I must own,
 And tho' she could smile, yet in truth she could
 frown :
 But tell me, ye lovers of liquor divine,
 Did you e'er see a frown in a bumper of wine ?

Her lilies and roses were just in their prime,
 Yet lilies and roses are conquer'd by time ;
 But in wine, from its age, such a benefit flows,
 That we like it the better the older it grows.

They tell me, my love would in time have been
cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when once 'tis enjoy'd ;
But in wine I both time and enjoyment defy,
For the longer I drink, the more thirsty am I.

Let murders, and battles, and history prove
The mischief that wait upon rivals in love ;
But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no rival contends,
The more we love liquor, the more we are friends.

She too might have poison'd the joys of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squaling, and strife,
But my wine neither nurses nor babies can bring;
And a big-belly'd bottle's a mighty good thing.

We shorten our days when with love we engage,
It brings on diseases, and hastens old age ;
But wine from grim death can its votaries save,
And keep out t'other leg, when there's one in the
grave.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to her word,
She had left me, to get an estate or a lord ;
But my bumper (regarding not title or pelf)
Will stand by me when I can't stand by myself.

Then let my dear Chloe no longer complain,
She's rid of her lover, and I of my pain :
For in wine, mighty wine, many comforts I spy ;
Should you doubt what I say, take a bumper and try.

SONG 298.

THE LASS WITH THE DELICATE AIR.

YOUNG Molly, who lives at the foot of the hill,
Whose fame ev'ry virgin with envy does fill,
Of beauty is bless'd with so ample a share,
That men call her the lass with the delicate air.

One ev'ning last May as I travers'd the grove
In thoughtless retirement, not dreaming of love,
I chanc'd to espy the gay nymph I declare,
And really she'd got a most delicate air.

By a murmuring brook, on a green mossy bed,
A chaplet composing, the fair one was laid;
Surpris'd and transported, I could not forbear,
With raptures, to gaze on her delicate air.

For that moment young Cupid selected a dart,
And pierc'd without pity my innocent heart:
And from thence how to gain the dear maid was
my care;
For a captive I fell to her delicate air.

When she saw me, she blush'd, and complain'd
I was rude,
And begg'd of all things that I would not intrude;
I answer'd, I could not tell how I came there,
But laid all the blame on her delicate air.

Said her heart was the prize which I fought to
obtain,
And hop'd that she'd give it to ease my fond pain.
She neither rejected nor granted my pray'r,
But fir'd all my soul with her delicate air.

A thousand times o'er, I've repeated my suit,
But still the tormenter affects to be mute:
Then tell me, ye swains who have conquer'd the
fair,
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air.

S O N G 299.

S U M M E R.

W H E N daisies py'd, and vi'lets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady smocks, all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with delight;
*The cuckoo, then, on ev'ry tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo! cuckoo! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.*

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are plowmen's clocks:
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;

The cuckoo then, &c.

WINTER.

When isicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;
*When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu whit tu whoo, a merry merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parsons' saw,
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,
 And Marion's nose looks red and raw:
*Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
 And nightly sings the staring owl,
 Tu whit tu whoo, a merry merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

SONG 300.

FILL ev'ry glass, for wine inspires us,
 And fires us
 With courage, love and joy.
 Women and wine should life employ;
 Is there ought else on earth desirous?
 CHORUS.—Fill ev'ry glass, &c.

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